THE SURVEY

Graphic Number

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The Gist of It

THE revolutionary and pioneer stages of the United States are over. We no longer can use effectively the "Boys of '76," the frontiersmen with their snap-judgments nor the other adolescent types of Americans. Can we develop a new type to serve a new day, grown men to deal with the complicated questions of an America which is a world power and a great creditor nation? The question is discussed with zest by CHARLES P. HOWLAND, lawyer, author of What Way Americans, for many years identified with educational statesmanship. His experience of foreign affairs includes relief service under the State Department for American prisoners in Germany, the chairmanship in the Council on Foreign Relations, the Geneva School of International Studies and the executive board of the Foreign Policy Association. An address which he delivered at the annual meeting of the F.P.A. was the basis of the article beginning on page 437.

THE verses on China by STELLA FISHER BURGESS on page 441 are a part of the treasure trove brought home from many years of residence in Peking and of delving into Chinese life and letters.

THE psalmist's challenge in the word "nevertheless" gives a text to REINHOLD NIEBUHR. In spite of war, acknowledging that "the critics of contemporary industrial society are justified in regarding the church as, on the whole, a hindrance to an ethical reorganization of modern life"—nevertheless he pins his faith to a belief "that modern civilization can finally be brought under the control of the human spirit." Since graduating from Yale in 1915, Mr. Niebuhr has been pastor of Bethel Church in Detroit, spending about half of his time in college-speaking and in the Fellowship for a Christian Social Order. Page 444.

IT is almost unnecessary to say that Jacob A. Riis is the father of whom ROGER WILLIAM RIIS writes so delightfully on page 447. He has followed in his father's footsteps as a newspaper man and writer.

GRAPHIC readers—any readers—need no introduction to DOROTHY CANFIELD FISHER, page 448. Her preceding Graphic article, A Cinderella among Schools, was published in the issue of June, 1926.

IT was a stroke of genius to trace the clear thread which binds the story of Euripides' Electra to the little daughter of a woman now in the Death House at Sing Sing, and to the gun-toting nations of the world and their lack of a system of public justice. JEAN HARRIS ARNOLD has been a teacher in a South Dakota college and in Dr. White's American School for Boys in Salonica, Greece. Page 451.

PETER BROOKLYN is an American journalist with an intimate knowledge of Italy under Mussolini. Page 453.

ELEANOR ROWLAND WEMBRIDGE, referee of the Juvenile Court of Cleveland, is the author of many delightful sketches out of her experience of modern girls, some of which have been published by Houghton, Mifflin as Other People's Daughters. Page 458.

ROGER N. BALDWIN is traveling about Europe, going later to Asia, as a special representative of the Quakers and as chairman of the International Committee for Political Prisoners "to study political persecution and the tactics of working-class movements and oppressed minorities in meeting it" with the hope that relief and publicity for its victims may be organized in the United States. The trip, Mr. Baldwin writes, is his first release in eight years from the director's desk of the American Civil Liberties Union "except for the year's 'vacation' I had in jail" as a conscientious objector. Page 460.

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America's Coming of Age

By CHARLES P. HOWLAND

IN Europe men have forgotten that their forebears were once pitted against Nature. Forests shrank as peoples multiplied, marshes were drained or dried out by surface cultivation, and more food was raised as numbers increased. Through the centuries man and Nature developed an unconscious partnership.

There man as a doer has had to contend with man—the warrior by arms, the statesman with diplomacy. Where the Viking beached his warship he found the Frank or the Lombard; before the Romans in Britain were the Picts and Celts; Romans, Angles, Jutes, Danes and Normans each in turn conquered and compounded with the peoples whom they found, and studied how to live with their neighbors when they were not at war with them. The crises that arose were those that happen in men's dealings with each other. For such events, compact social organization under experienced direction is necessary. The struggle is with other men, from whom come actual or potential dangers; the need is for leaders who understand those other men, several varieties of other men, men at large perhaps, the springs of conduct and the responses those "others" make to the various possible moves upon the pondered chess-board. Men become experienced and astute like Machiavelli or Richelieu; the reflection of the players is deep and long, and the peoples behind them pay dearly for their mistakes, as the French for the ambitions of the third Bonaparte.

"Civilization" is thus more than the creation of an increasingly comfortable and hygienic environment. It includes the art of living among suspicious rivals, an age-long manoeuvring for position. What is called "foreign policy" is a constant element in all corporate behavior, perhaps the dominant one.

Out of the sophisticated European world came, with the discovery of America, a swarming of ancient hives upon new continents, into new physical conditions, new climates, habitable regions virtually uninhabited. Small groups brought with them the processes, the weapons and the tools which man's accumulating knowledge had wrought, and with them they faced a Nature such as their forebears had not known for thousands of years. Its continental vastness, the strangeness of its fauna and flora, the extent of the effort necessary to subdue it to men's needs, made it an antagonist that engaged every power, that inhibited reflection and externalized entire generations. The need seemed to be for adventurers: men of the venturesome type, who would climb the climbing sea, "fight off Redskins," and attack the forest and the Great Unknown with the zest of Jack the Giant Killer.

While the colonies were still in European tutelage, leaders came into being to create for them their own local individuality and unity. Those leaders, the astounding product of the eighteenth century experience, were the product of that "old" civilization, and not unlike their prototypes. But the tie to that older civilization once severed, such men were no longer needed; in the battle with the wilderness, in the pushing along river systems and over prairies, each man is his own leader. The race exults in new youth, the habits and mental traits of its childhood return. Nature and the Indian have no armory against the axe and the rifle, and the human tide rolls over them.

THE story of European peoples since the Roman era has been largely composed of the doings of men who "made" history, of those players in the game of rivalry for power or for cultural prestige who have relatively raised or lowered their nations. It was of supreme importance to France and to Europe that Napoleon was born; in Bismarck's time his strategy affected the individual lives, economic welfare and spiritual outlook of every German; in other fields philosophers, poets and scientists—Hobbes, Goethe, Newton, Pasteur—brought one nation after another to the fore.

The story of the Americans has another character. Their need of direction ended for a century when they severed their European ties, and after the era of the statesmen whom the Revolution found ready to its call, no "leader" was indispensable. The race prevailed, not the man; the type became the hero of its own epic.

The difference between the historical periods of any

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country, it has been said, is the difference between the categories of the thought of those periods. Our attitude in foreign relationships is in the main the result of domestic developments and varies with them. Policies emerge out of experiences, which in the United States have covered long stretches of time; the development has been slow. The result is that the formulation of a foreign policy, or the consciousness of definite positions to be taken, has usually been a generation or two behind the set of experiences which created it. This, it is true, is the general rule with regard to public opinion almost anywhere, particularly in democratic countries; but it is peculiarly so in the United States, because we have been engaged in the economic development of a continent, and because of our size and our geographical remoteness from other countries.

THE first of our periods in international relations is the Revolutionary period. The inhabitants of the United States lived along the eastern seaboard; a set of greedy powers was on one side of them, and the wilderness on the other. Their energies bent upon establishing themselves in their new world, the colonists assumed an attitude of defiance to the European nations whose interests or whose policies might impair the independence they desired to set up. We had a foreign policy, though it was a narrow one: we were ready to defy any country, however large, which threatened to infringe our independence. We had a series of foreign wars, a war with the Barbary pirates, a tiny "war in the material sense" with France, and the period culminated with our bull-terrier war of 1812 with Great Britain.

This is the period in which the phrase was adopted and became a national shibboleth that we should not engage in entangling alliances, the meaning of that really being at the time that we should not engage in philanthropic entanglements, whose main purpose was the assistance of other countries; our chief concern at that time was our own growth as a young people. The effect of that determination, of the set of ideas generated in that period, continued long after the period itself. It was the period of pressure towards democracy and of the desire, born of our own experience, for the independence of subject peoples. I remember as a boy the permeation of most of the boy literature, the serious history of Bancroft and such books as The Boys of '76, with the ideas which were derived from this Revolutionary period.

THAT was the period also which created the maxims "Millions for defense, but not one cent for tribute;" "My country right or wrong, but right or wrong, my country,"* and so on. The Monroe Doctrine was developed to express for the American continent its hostility to colonizing powers and its sympathy for young peoples struggling to freedom. This spirit was expressed eloquently in the great speech of Daniel Webster on Greek liberty in 1824: it was the period of "liberal and enlightened sentiments," the period which Mr. Webster designated as a period of "augmentation by growth, not by acquisition; by internal development, not by external accession."

But this insistence on independence was only the breastwork thrown up against outside interference by a national energy which found outlet in an unbroken progress of settlement and was delayed only by the internal struggle for unification of the country. Apprehension about that independence ended with the Treaty of Ghent, which gave free rein to the expansive impulse of the American people. The War of 1812, though directly arising out of economic difficulties, of which the impressment of American seamen was a collateral incident, had as a contributing cause the tension between the American colonists and the British possessions to the north and west of them.

The expansive impulse first clearly showed itself in the development of the canal and railroad systems. As soon as steam-power made those viable, the colonists with their expanding population burst through the Appalachian barrier and began to spread over the country. That expansion at once created the struggle for control over new states and so brought about the Civil War. The Civil War, which was one of the consequences of the expansion, itself arrested the expansion, and by arresting it prolonged that period to the end of the century.

Lincoln was the type of the statesman, not of the expansionist pioneer. What interested him was national unification and the welding of the different parts of the country into a higher type of civilization. The union cause called for and created a leader and healer; but after the crisis and the man had disappeared together and disunion was no longer a danger, the pioneer process was resumed, and men had nothing to reck of but the relation between their own land-hunger and the almost boundless means of gratifying it. The real frontiersmen were Jackson, Benton, and the men who settled Texas and won the West. They were the pioneers of the material struggle with Nature, the expansionists, who believed in simplicity, in the outdoor life, and in the advantages of living in a simple world; the Ku Klux Klan is a "fossil survival" of that era.

DURING that pioneer period our foreign policy was mainly negative; it needed to be no more. If anybody interfered with us we said, "Keep out of the reserve; we are attending to our own business, which is that of developing this continent."

Towards the end of the nineteenth century the happy pioneer period came to an end. The land began to give out. The flow of the surplus population to the West came to an end. We completed our railroad-building. In default of new lands to settle, new mines to open and new railroads to build in sufficient quantity to absorb the increasing capital of the United States, we began to make investments abroad and pushed down into the Caribbean Sea. We had the Spanish-American War, the seizure of the Canal Zone, and the development of our geographical expansion into a policy of quasi-imperialism; the dictum of Webster of 1824 became obsolete.

In building the Panama Canal and in following the ideas of Mr. Roosevelt, we became a world power. As we did, we simultaneously met a new world power emerging in the Far East; the progress of the white man around the world from East to West met Japan bursting into view as a full-fledged member of the society of nations. As we filled up our country, we simultaneously found another great country emerging and becoming our neighbor on the West. Thus by our own internal saturation and by events outside our borders we became a world power like Great Britain, with overseas possessions and interests to protect and causes of concern like those of other great powers.

* Decatur seems to have adapted this from Lord Nelson, a man of the same "navy" type.

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At the same time we came upon a new economic era. We completed our railroad building. That was followed by a decline in domestic steel prices and the export of steel. We began to make investments abroad. The period of change is a little blurred; it began in the period of McKinley prosperity when there was an increase of capital, a fall in steel prices, and an export of steel.

AS a result of the steady export of capital and the acceleration given it by the Great War, a country which had been a debtor country throughout its history became a creditor country. In investments and war debts we now have about $24,000,000,000 owing to us by foreign countries, the interest on which must be paid to us by our sister nations.

The interest on those debts will have to be paid by imports from the debtor countries, either directly or by a triangular exchange with other countries with which they in turn have economic dealings. At the same time we must have exports. If our level of comfortable living is to continue, inasmuch as we have no more land to exploit and inasmuch as our population continues to grow, we must have a surplus production of agricultural or manufactured products to ship to different parts of the world, and the payments for them will have to be added to the volume of imports we must take in order to receive the interest on our debt. Exports and imports, therefore, must take place on a scale unexampled in the history of the United States.

In the first period that I have dealt with (the Revolutionary period) we were on the sea and a seafaring people. In the long second period we disappeared into the continent making our way to the West; now, owing to close-weaving economic relations, we are back on the sea again, both on the East and the West, and dealing with almost every country. We have to take raw materials from everywhere if we are to keep up our system of manufactures. In order to obtain those we must share in the world's limited mineral deposits. Mr. Hoover is interested in the development of rubber in the Malay Islands and in Java and Borneo. Mr. Hughes is interested in our tapping Mosul oil, and takes part in the San Remo Agreement. The same persons who are tenacious about our political isolation bring us into economic relations with every part of the world.

YET we still talk of foreign policy as if it were something that "begins at the water's edge." We wish to ignore the fact that a bumper wheat crop in the Argentine, which lowers the price of wheat in Liverpool, may determine an American presidential election; that Illinois politicians abuse the World Court in order to win an election which will retain their control over public utilities. The processes actually at work leave no room for the theory that there is such a thing as "foreign policy" which neither affects nor is affected by the welter of forces at work in American life.

In ancient times geography was the main factor in the management of the external affairs of a sovereign; yet "at the moment when Aristotle was teaching that the city-state was the final form of association, embracing all others, his Macedonian pupil was making havoc of his doctrine and opening up new perspectives in the art of government."* And it has been true at every stage of history that international relations have developed in the economic, intellectual and aesthetic spheres regardless of the geographical limitations in which politicians sought to fix them. The constituency of a United States senator is a geographical one, but the questions with which he deals at Washington are ecumenical.

Isolation under the new conditions is impossible. In the political sphere the idealist has said that "patriotism is not enough." In the economic sphere it is apparent that patriotism will not get you anywhere, and isolation is an anachronism.

That being so, these shibboleths, these maxims and doctrines of our earlier periods, instead of helping us, obscure the general mind in its effort to solve the difficult problems that lie before us. It is as mistaken for us to look backward to an earlier period, to try to maintain the traditional attitude that we have had toward Great Britain or France, as it is for France and Germany to base their reciprocal policies on the number of invasions each has had to endure at the hands of the other. In other words, we must unsettle our thought. "People wish to be settled," says Emerson; "only as far as they are unsettled is there any hope for them." Change unsettles habits. It is therefore uncomfortable and may even be painful, but it is only through that sort of pain that we make progress.

WE must begin to entertain the daring thought that in some of these situations we may be wrong. That apprehension involves the surrender of a fraction of the sovereignty of any nation. But I suggest that the whole development of civilized man has involved such surrenders. Without them we should not be in the enjoyment of the institution of monogamy.

The evolution of our Latin-American relations will illustrate the "lag" of policy behind events. The Monroe Doctrine was once a doctrine of independence, protecting the countries of Central and South America, especially those of South America, against Spain and Portugal during their critical period, the first fifty years of the 19th century. But the Latin-American peoples by and large are now established nationalities, and an active guaranty of the independence of those countries is necessary no longer: the Mexicans, even fifty years ago, were able to take care of Maximilian and the French troops, and with the capacity of the South Americans to organize on each other's behalf and to maintain a guerilla warfare *ad libitum,* it is obvious that at the present time they need no protection from us against threat of colonization or conquest from any country in the world, nor is any country in the world likely to try to violate their independence. The Monroe Doctrine has done its work and is accepted as the basis of a world arrangement. In so far, therefore, as it is based on the desire to protect the independence of weaker countries, the Doctrine survives with us only as a sentiment.

But Mr. Olney said that "the United States is practically sovereign on this continent, and its fiat is law upon the subjects to which it confines its interposition." A cryptic phrase—seeming to mean that we shall decide every question. Mr. Hughes adds that the interpretation of the Doctrine is our business and not that of the Latin-American countries. Thus transformed, it can be made a cover for neo-imperialism, and for every material advantage the United States desires to seek; selfishly used it is capable of becoming as menacing to Latin-Americans as the Holy Alliance was at the beginning of the nineteenth

* "The Intellectual Foundations of International Cooperation."—Zimmern.

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century. On this account it will be our behavior to them that will be the subject of criticism, as Bowman says, rather than their behavior to us.

IT would be silly to say that any country should abandon its own material advantage; but when it does so, it should clearly distinguish its aim from the sentimental shibboleths of the past. The modern evolution of the Doctrine is a maxim entirely of power, and it should be recognized as such. If we present it as a doctrine of power we do not differ from the British government in its relations with weaker countries, and we have before us the same questions of policing and order, of economic development or exploitation, of dominance or trusteeship.

There is no space here to develop the corollaries in the intellectual and spiritual spheres of our slow political development. Throughout the nineteenth century the American subconsciousness was continuously occupied with incidents of the pioneering life, with digging, and hewing, and blasting, and harnessing, when the hardy frontiersmen trampled over Indian tribes, slaughtered the bison and exterminated the wild pigeon with no more reflection as to the quality of their acts than boys have when they are joyously digging a woodchuck out of his hole.

The frontier life produced logical characteristics in the frontiersmen; they were hardy, innocent, unreflecting, accustomed to decide pragmatically and to compress complex problems into the simple mould of a proverb or an apothegm.

The pioneers and their exploiting descendants had a system of simple morality: conscientiousness was strong in them, and a friendliness in neighborly relations—"I should like to live by the side of the road and be a friend to man" well expresses them; they had a conviction that human affairs are simple, and that sunny solutions can be found for all problems.

Two or three generations of them there were—Mark Twain and Hamlin Garland expressed them when their era was already past; wave after wave of these frontiersmen pressed westward, bold and physically vital, energetic and enterprising, enduring and tenacious, carrying as much of civilization with them as their canoes and covered wagons would hold; their eyes straining always into the wilderness and their energies expended in action. When they reached at last the western ocean, says Turner, they looked back and found that the frontier had flowed in and was everywhere behind them.

This digression could be expanded: suggest the folkways into which the pioneer experiences crystallized, the repercussions in intellectual and political fields; the habit of action; the habit of not reflecting overmuch before action, of experimenting with delicate political or economic forces, of setting up quantitative values, of using extravagance as humor and vehement utterance, of organizing promptly and effectively for great mechanical tasks, of assuming that other men have had the same experiences as yourself and from them formed the same impression of the world—these are engaging traits and harmless in the field in which they were developed.

But human traits, however useful and however innocent and engaging in the sphere of their development, have not universal worth. "To be this," as Justice Holmes says, "is to be not that." With amazing speed we are weaving close and delicate relations with varied peoples; the qualities needed are understanding and sympathetic skill, and the development of a general opinion and representatives of that opinion who can intelligently and effectively "work" those complex relations. The pioneering habits and their sequelae do not supply the best training of thought or emotion for handling them; a new orientation of thought-habit, of the unconscious bases of prejudice, is imperative, with the spiritual pain which that involves.

THE American pioneering process has drawn to its appointed end. As it ends, the question in the mind of the Time Spirit is, What will be the characteristics of such a people when their period of immunity is over, and they perforce resume the world's normal contacts, its pressures and rivalries, the competition of too many for a limited supply? Will their "idealism" be proof against intrigue? Will they be angry at opposition? Will they, when thwarted, display a childlike passion, charge their opponents with moral delinquency and threaten them with the power of a continent? Or will they derive from their happy immunity of a century the organization and the technique for a new world order which will not need to base itself upon old European animosities and contentions? How will they behave toward their neighbors in a shrinking world filled with claims and clamors?

This question in its various forms is set for us to answer. We have lived sentimentally in the past, and day-dreamed of ourselves as the inheritors of Daniel Boone and Davey Crockett. In the future in which we shall live we are cast for another role; we shall have to consider the field in which Thiers and Cambon, Castlereagh, Palmerston, Salisbury and Grey moved in the nineteenth century, and see if we can bring to it some element of a larger and common humanity that will make war a crime, the threat of war a shameful weapon, and the bullying of weaker nations the sign of a backward civilization. In short, we shall have to shape a conscious guidance of our destiny, not in wistfulness for the dream-days of an irrecoverable childhood, but conscious that the problems of the future can be solved only in their own terms and that the consequences of our decisions—and drift is a decision—will extend far beyond the immediate advantages or disadvantages they produce for ourselves.

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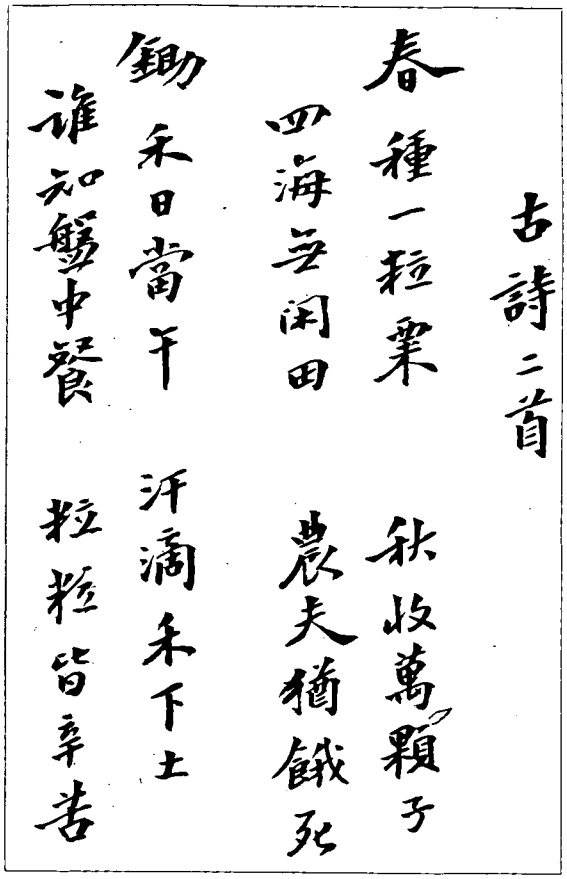
A Thousand Years Are as Yesterday

Verses by STELLA FISHER BURGESS



TWO ANCIENT LYRICS

(of the Tang Dynasty, 618-905)

By NIEH I CHUNG

Translated from the Chinese characters at the left, by Stella F. Burgess in collaboration with Li An-Che.

Plant in the spring a single grain;
In the autumn, harvest ten thousand seeds.
Let this go until, within the Four Seas,
there remains not one uncultivated field—
Even then farmers would stand in
danger of starving.

. . . . . .

At high noon they are at their hoeing,
Their sweat dropping to earth.
How little he who holds the full bowl knows
From what bitterness of heart each grain is come!

COAL

(In North China)

Slouchy, lumbering camels—
Tawny coats smudging to black—
File with a soft-padded shuffle,
Pouches of coal on each back.
Behind the caravan trail
Hills—bleak, treeless, and dun—
Holes drilled into their sides
Beyond all touch of the sun.
Out of these burrows men stagger
Naked, and black as the coal
They haul with a stopping sway
From the maw of the four-foot hole.
Steaming jet torsos, blear eyes
Like owls noon-roused from sleep.

They lie who tell you glibly,
In China coal is cheap.

IN THE WAKE OF THE BLUE EXPRESS

(In time of peace the Blue Express connected Peking with Shanghai)

Like carrion gulls astern some regal ship—
Scavengers which trail her from her port
To swoop upon the surplus waste of men
Who dine like princes at some foreign court—
So, in the wake of this, the Blue Express,
There swarmed a crowd of animated rags:
Garrulous, greedy urchins, fleet of foot;
Grown querulous through want, a few old hags;—
Each tense upon the grim, precarious task
Of gathering, in baskets, coals new-spilt
From fiery craws of engines over-fed.
Upon such tenuous chance their breath they built!

From blue-plushed ease, some tourists from afar
Looked and said, "How queer these people are!"

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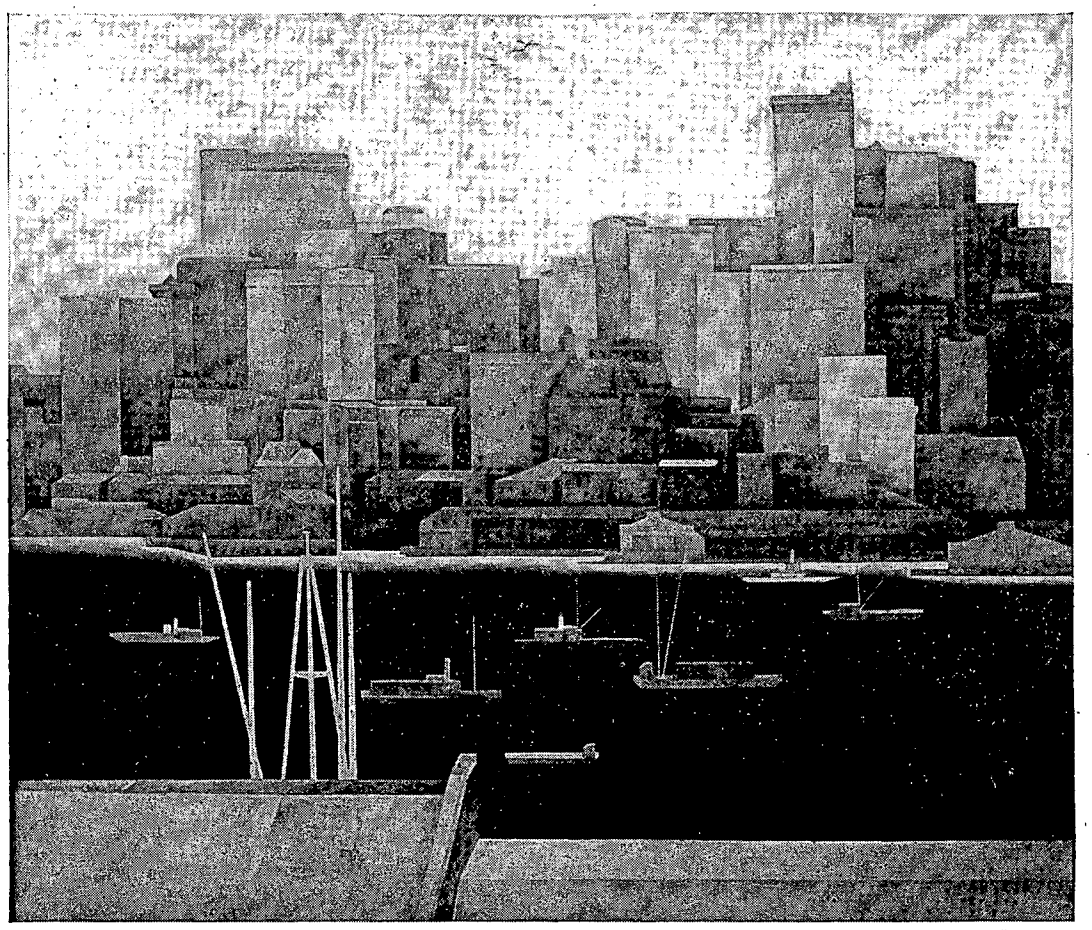
On Tiptoe

The American Scenes of Stefan A. Hirsch



Courtesy Bourgeois Galleries

NEW YORK

In the Duncan Phillips Memorial Gallery

STEFAN A. HIRSCH is not yet thirty, but a number of museums and collectors own his paintings. Born in Germany of American parents, he came to this country in 1919 with eyes fresh for its differences, its "becomingness" as contrasted with his medieval Nurnberg. He brought with him a background of European art and an acquaintance with new tendencies. He has become one of the American group with Dickinson, Sheeler, Demuth, Niles Spencer to have applied cubism where it is so appropriate, to the composition of scenes with our straight-line buildings, houses and barns. Simplification, juxtaposition of clean colors to build up the mass of city or village scene, produce a concept of that scene rather than a pictorial reproduction.

Of Hirsch's canvas, New York, Duncan Phillips of the Memorial Gallery in Washington says: "It employs the third dimension as a factor in design and presents our mechanical age of steel construction and dehumanized industry, symbolized in towering battlements rising in windowless walls above the menace of a black river. It is beautiful in spite of its grimness by reason of the subtle orchestration of the marbled tones and the skilful organization of the solid box-like forms. Our civilization is suggested as a fortress manned by invisible armies—and guarded by toy gunboats. Cold with the certitude of an established order, there is an uneasy expectation of a siege."

The New England town has a quiet though substantial look. Delicately toned houses, fresh trees, a quiet pond — there is the stillness of a summer afternoon. Yet though nothing stirs, there is no lack of life in the painting.

All of Mr. Hirsch's paintings, points out Stephan Bourgeois of the Bourgeois Galleries, emphasize the tension, expectation and alertness he considers the main characteristic of changing America, where "people live continuously on tiptoes, looking out in expectation to what is coming next."

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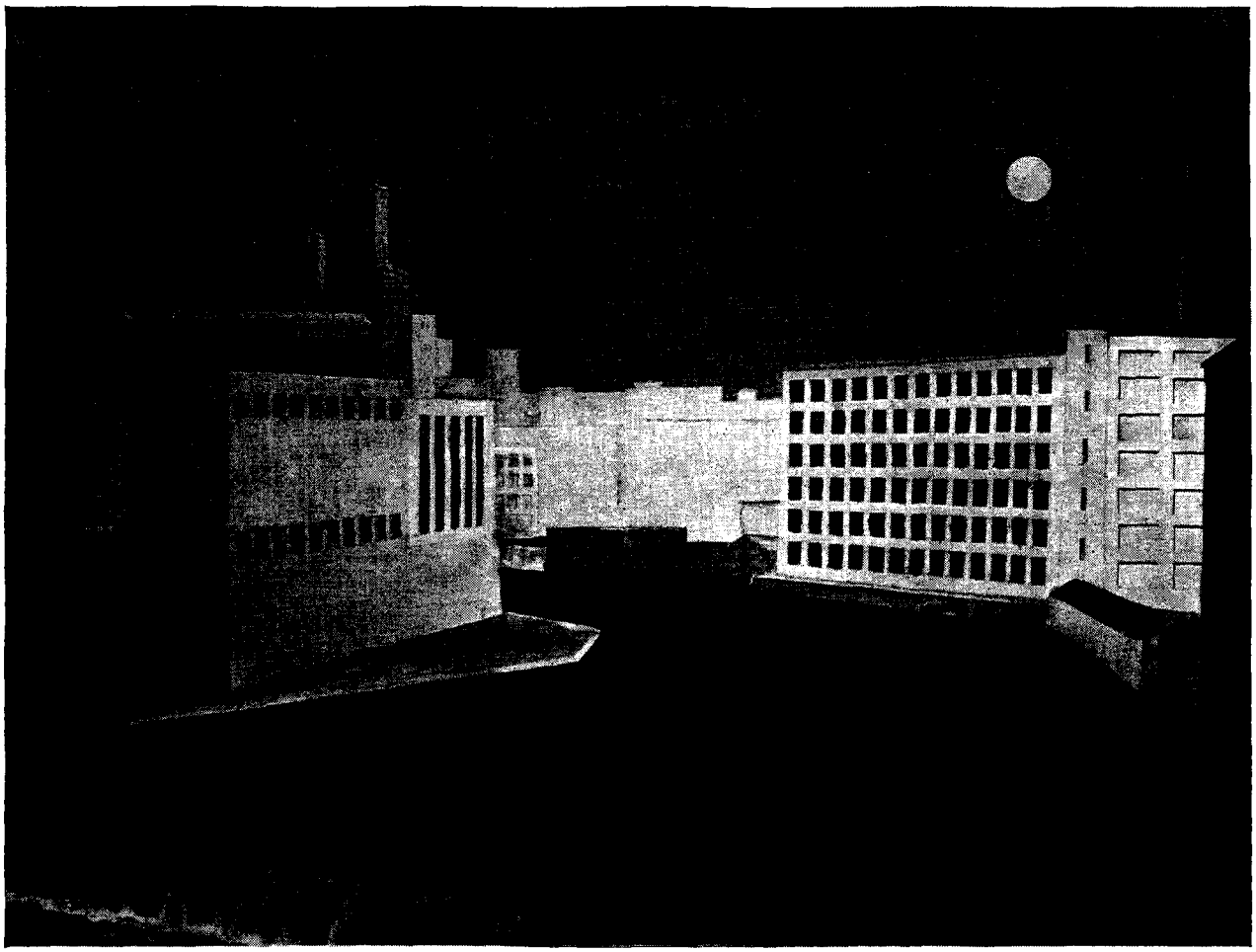
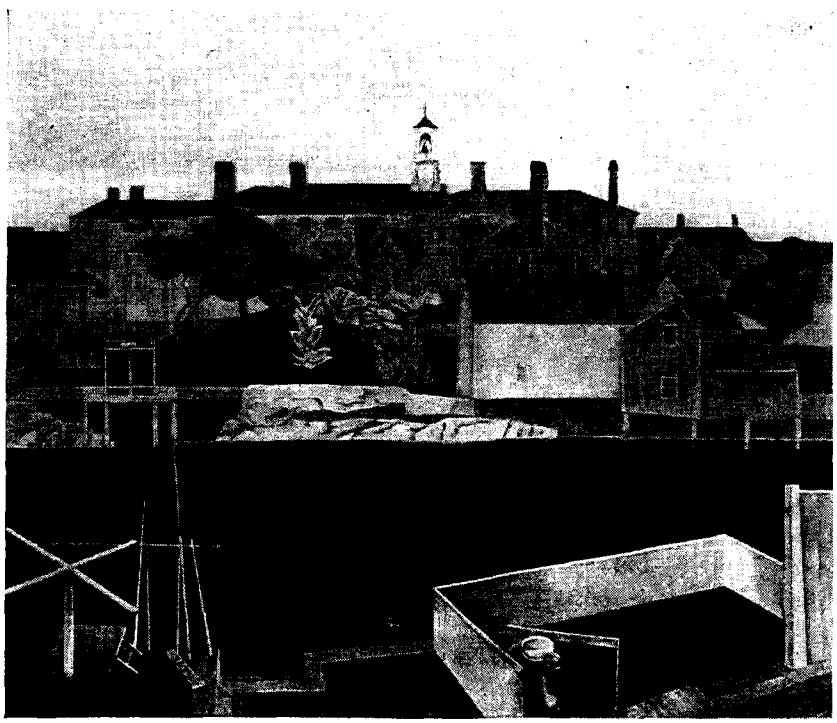


Photo by C. O. Buckingham

MILL TOWN

In the Duncan Phillips Memorial Gallery



Courtesy Bourgeois Galleries

NEW ENGLAND TOWN

In the Worcester Art Museum

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A Religion Worth Fighting For

By REINHOLD NIEBUHR

IN one of the profoundest of the Psalms in the Hebrew psalter, the seventy-third, the author recounts the moral confusion of the world, calls attention to the prosperity of the ungodly and the seeming futility of virtue and meditates mournfully "verily I have cleansed my heart in vain." But he finds such pessimism unsatisfying and rescues himself from it by an act of the will. He introduces his new affirmation of faith with the word "nevertheless." There is a kind of defiance of immediate and obvious fact in that word, it seems to me, which must be the basis of any robust faith in our day.

As we look upon modern civilization with its glorification of man's tribal instincts, with its aggravation of human greed and avarice, with its spiritual confusion and moral impotence, it is difficult to entertain any immediate hope of victory for the finer aspirations of man. Nevertheless I cling to hope. I believe that modern civilization can finally be brought under the control of the human spirit and that the spiritual and ethical forces of civilization, now so impotent, can finally be made socially effective. If such a hope seems rather forlorn and desperate we may console ourselves with the reflection that faith has never been easy, that it has always been under the necessity of defying many immediate facts and that it is the only alternative to despair.

The cynic who knows my life history will regard this hope as an interesting rationalization of my private circumstance. I am a preacher. As most men, I must satisfy my ego by glorifying my occupation. I believe that religion matters, or can be made to matter however impotent at the present moment, because I am engaged in religion professionally. The determinist might go further and discover my present convictions rooted in the defective imagination of my childhood; for my father was a preacher before me and I remember somewhat hazily that no alternative profession ever suggested itself to my mind. My own interpretation of my early choice of my father's profession is that it was due to a beauty and romance in my father's life and character which I failed to detect in the great and the near-great of our town and which did not suffer by comparison with the virtues of even those individuals whom I discovered in later adolescence and who were more pretentious than our village notables. Whether I drifted into the ministry or not I have been so frequently discouraged by its present impotence and have had such numerous opportunities to leave it that I feel myself justified in defying the cynics and insisting that my faith in the final social efficacy of religion has a firmer basis than either professional or hereditary circumstance.

At college and university my concern was not with the moral usefulness but with the metaphysical validity of religious conviction. Like most budding theologues, I spent my time trying to adjust traditional concepts to the new world of science. My efforts in this direction would have driven me altogether into the field of philosophy had not the war come to shift my interest from the metaphysical validity to the moral efficacy of religion. I assumed charge of a little church in Detroit, promising myself release in a year or two. Meanwhile I hoped to find a permanent and satisfying interest. After eleven years I am still pastor of that church, from which the critical observer may draw the conclusion that a natural inertia explains my present convictions. My own explanation is that I gradually discovered in my work an antidote for despair. Whatever you may say about human beings in the aggregate and the abstract, they are rather lovely and lovable in the individual and concrete instance. There is beauty in the average life, a kind of tragic beauty, if it may be observed at sufficiently close range to reveal its inner struggle and its secret courage. I began to see that the church with all its weaknesses could help to preserve that beauty against the corruptions of urban life and to strengthen that courage against the indignities which nature and civilization conspire to heap upon man.

The religion of most so-called liberals in the churches is inspired by, and a more or less authentic imitation of, the "religion of Jesus." Like most liberals I was driven to root my religious certitudes in the gospel of Jesus, chiefly because its theological simplicities saved me from the conflicts with modern science into which orthodox and traditional theological formulas always betrayed religion. In common with other liberals I could not, however, quite escape the ethical and spiritual implications of the religion which intellectual scruples persuaded me to accept. I therefore looked upon the World War with more than a critical eye. Shortly before the entrance of our country into the war I wrote an article for the Atlantic Monthly entitled The Nation's Crime against the Individual. I mention this fact to show that I was not altogether unprepared to face the moral issues with which our own entrance into the war confronted men of moral insight and good-will and to throw my subsequent apostasy into bolder relief. Like most of my colleagues, I finally succumbed to President Wilson's idealism and persuaded myself that the war would serve a good purpose.

AS far as the religious liberals are concerned I imagine that they were beguiled by the passionate sentiments of patriotism as much as by the idealistic interpretation of our war aims by the president. Sentiment is organically related to religion and when hearts grow cold anything that warms them will seem to be religious. Our age is so passionately nationalistic, partly because it has lost all other passions. Incapable of loyalty to either an abstract principle or value or to a larger human fellowship, the average man saves himself from moral bankruptcy by espousing the cause of some comparatively small community, his family or nation preferably, with more than ordinary fervor. Yet we are far enough advanced to know that the altruism of a man toward his group is easily frustrated by the selfishness of the

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group. The fact that the liberals of all nations in the World War talked in terms of world redemption revealed their consciousness of this moral paradox which they tried to evade by imagining or persuading themselves that in this instance the nation was really unselfish. I wonder sometimes what we would have done had an unrepentant nationalist been in the White House during the war. Would we have succeeded in confusing patriotic fervor with authentic spiritual idealism if the genius of Wilson had not given the nationalistic fervor a pseudo-universal object?

IN my case another consideration affected my war attitude which may be too irrelevant to mention here. I am a German-American and belonged to a religious group predominantly German in blood and heritage. In it a fierce conflict developed between the German-born fathers and the American-born sons with the one generation as unanimously opposed to the war as the other was in its support. As I view that conflict now through the perspective of the years it proves nothing to me but that national allegiance is not successfully transferred in one generation and is transferred with practically complete success in two, at least under American conditions. At the time it served only to throw me into the arms of the war enthusiasts, particularly since in my case the debate was held in a religious denomination and the opposition to the war expressed itself in religious terms. Knowing very well that religious scruples were not the real clue to the attitude of the fathers (for they adored Hindenburg and poured their scorn upon Scheidemann and the anti-war socialists of Germany), their use of phrases connoting religious idealism made me cynical. I learned then, as I know now, how easily religion lends itself to the dubious task of dignifying the prejudices and obscuring the indifferent motives which are frequently the real root of our actions. I am almost glad that my father died before the agony of those days. We understood each other too well to have suffered the misunderstanding which divided many a father and son. Yet the problem which faced the two generations was difficult at best.

"My father," said a German-American captain in our army to me, "is a damned old traitor but I'll never tell anybody because they would never know what a good scout he is." The words were harsher than the feeling, in which there was more love than censure. "The boy," said an old German of his officer son with obvious pride, "is a fine soldier. But he will never be able to beat the Germans. He only trained six months and they train a lifetime." Could there be a more poignant pain than that involved when the chasm which divides nations divides you from your own flesh and blood?

It might have been well if I had refrained from mentioning these special circumstances which surrounded my apostasy lest I be suspected of seeking special exoneration above my fellow liberal Christians who supported the war for what will seem to them equally good reasons. At any rate, I belong to those who have yet to prove that anything more than the nausea and disillusionment, which we share with the whole post-war generation, informs our present attitude. I belong, too, to those whose hearts burn within them when they consider the imprisonment of Eugene Debs and his kind and remember how often they have spoken glibly of "being crucified with Christ."

In Debs it was not religion, at least not any religion connected with the organized church, that endowed him with the insight and the courage to go his lonely road. Yet Debs was not alone and there were men of religious conviction who proved that at its best religion does help men to transcend the divisions in the human family, and does abhor the use of every kind of force except the power of love. Those of us who were recreant to that faith have had a lesson in the futility of force which may stiffen the fiber of our earlier conviction. It is to be noted that among the religious idealists who refused to participate in war most of them belonged to more or less despised sects and many of them held to an obscurantist orthodoxy which is the scorn of liberal Christians. I do not conclude from this that ignorance is necessary to an ethical heroism but I think it does prove that one of the sources of weakness in modern Christian liberalism is that it was forced to accept the religion of Jesus by the exigencies of a strategic theological retreat rather than by the power of a spiritual experience. Modern religion is too sophisticated and circumspect really to share the religion of Jesus, for that demands a love and a faith which will seem foolish rather than wise to the obvious-minded man. Vital religion is always a little foolish for it rests in paradoxes rather than philosophical consistencies. It is paradoxical in its attitude toward both life and men. It speaks of the evils of the world and yet holds to a faith in the "loving father"; which means that it is at the same time pessimistic and optimistic. It persuades men to regard themselves as sinners and yet prompts them to exalted hopes and aspirations. Such paradoxes seem foolish indeed until you discover that a consistent pessimism or a consistent optimism both drive you into philosophical as well as ethical absurdities. A perfectly consistent world view is bound to outrage some actual facts in the life of nature and the history of man.

The modern church is too consistent in its appreciation of human nature. Its consistency has driven it into a foolish optimism, which is no truer to all the facts than medieval religious pessimism. Modern religious liberalism is equally mistaken in its interpretation of nature. The necessity of accommodating its apologetics to the theory of evolution drove it into a philosophical monism which is ethically almost as dangerous as mechanistic naturalism. The universe is simply not the beautiful Greek temple pictured in the philosophy of the absolutists and monists. To me it is significant that the people who suffered from the fewest illusions in regard to the World War were either orthodox religionists or scientific determinists who had no special theory about either the goodness of the universe or the goodness of man to defend. Everyone who thought it necessary to preserve either God's or man's imperiled reputation for virtue was inclined to dilate upon the saving virtues of the war and to obscure its horrors.

THE disillusionment which followed the war has robbed the modern church of a little but not of enough of its sentimental optimism. It is momentarily disillusioned about war but not about modern civilization which simply means that it can detect evil only after it has conceived and brought forth its fruits. The sentimental religionist still speaks of the essential goodness of men without realizing how evil good men can be. Anyone who really knows the modern world must be impressed by the fathomless sentimentality which corrupts the life of the modern church. It obsesses men with their petty decencies and thereby obscures the more basic moral defects of their social attitudes. In them

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religion easily becomes a kind of romance by which men save their self-respect without moralizing their economic activities.

Recently I crossed swords with two industrialists of my city. The one was a pious Methodist of real honesty and sincerity in his private life. The other was a hard-boiled Nietzschian. My pious friend dilated upon the goodness of Henry Ford's heart and the general high degree of virtue and perspicacity of our automobile kings. The hard-boiled one was very cynical about Ford but also very approving. He liked the way Ford asserted his power and laughed at his moral pretensions. I think he was a little unjust to Ford in analysing his secret motives. At least Ford seems to me to be indescribably naïve rather than maliciously shrewd. But he was closer to the truth in his estimate of the total facts of the Ford industry than the good brother who professed to see in Detroit a veritable kingdom of God on earth with Henry Ford as the messiah.

The modern religious over-estimate of human virtue inevitably produces a cynical reaction. When religion is pessimistic, irreligion produces a Rousseau. When religion becomes corrupted by the romanticism of its former foes, irreligion expresses itself in the cynicism of Marx—and shall we include Mencken? The modern cynic is of course more than a mood become articulate. Science supports his conclusions. Tracing man's kinship with the brute in the secrets of his private life and in the farthest reaches of his social attitudes, the psychologists and economists combine to give a new scientific dignity to the idea of total depravity at the very time when the theologians are least inclined to it. The cynic seems for the moment closer to the facts than the sentimentalist; yet he is as far from the truth because he has sacrificed his hopes with his illusions. Because man is not as free as he imagined himself to be it does not follow that he is not free and therefore not ethical at all. What is needed is a philosophy, a religion and an ethical idealism which can save man at once from complacency and from despair; which can prompt him at the same time to repentance and to aspiration. When religion is at its best it can do that and I know of nothing but the paradox of true religion equal to the task. But it is not easy to maintain that kind of religion. The sophistication required to detect sin, covert in the intricacies of social and economic life, easily becomes fatal to the simple spirit of trust and faith which keeps human life wholesome. We can not finally solve the problems of man's aggregate existence if we can not persuade men to love and trust one another even in defiance of some immediate facts which might warrant and justify mistrust. Faith at its best creates its own evidence and validates its own assumptions.

The religion which seems to me worth fighting for is one which knows how to rebuke men and yet preserve respect for them, which knows how to be wise as a serpent in analyzing the delinquencies of men and yet can be innocent as a dove in its confidence in the essential goodness of men. It may seem that the way to achieve such a religious attitude is to proceed with equal vigor against both sentimentalists and cynics. But that is probably not the right way. Cynicism hardly ever stands alone. It is usually the shadow of hypocrisy. The best way to defeat it, therefore, is to develop an ethical life of sufficient integrity to confound those who have a sneer upon their lips when they speak of the ways of men.

An experience in my own city confirms me in this conviction. Who hasn't heard how our city entertained the American Federation of Labor Convention last year? The convention itself was stodgy enough and would have attracted little attention but for the more or less successful effort on the part of the employing interests in the city to keep labor speakers out of Detroit pulpits and the Y.M.C.A. forum. I have heard many plausible excuses for the general capitulation of the churches before the hysteria of the business community. But labor papers have drawn only one conclusion from the episode and it is the right one. They have pointed to the incident as a revelation of the too intimate relation of the churches with the economic interests of the employing classes.

THE fact is religion, which was once the special possession of the lowly and the humble, has come increasingly under the influence of the successful classes in modern civilization. The classes which suffer least from the moral limitations of modern economic society find the optimism which pervades the churches most congenial. To a certain extent they create that spirit of optimism and sentimentality. One of the ministers of our city whose conscience was deeply stirred by the A.F. of L. episode so that he unburdened himself on several successive Sunday mornings on the moral problems of modern industrial life was gently rebuked in his official board. "Our Sunday morning services," said a good elder, "have always been noted for their joyful and uplifting quality. The happy note has been missing of late. People don't come to church to be scolded. I hope we may soon have a return to the happier mood which once characterized our worship." Evidently Jonathan Edwards would have a hard time of it in a modern metropolitan pulpit.

The church is not always unsuccessful in persuading the privileged groups to share their blessings with the needy with some degree of generosity. They have hardly tried, and have certainly not succeeded, in prompting them to share the power which is the basis of their privileges. Failing to do this, the critics of contemporary industrial society are justified in regarding the church as, on the whole, a hindrance to an ethical reorganization of modern life. Irresponsible power, whether economic or political, is essentially unethical; and anything which gives it the semblance of morality is ultimately inimical to the ethical ideal. The cynic who recognizes this fact is certainly nearer the truth than the sentimentalist who hides it from himself and from others.

As a nation we are exhibiting exactly the same attitudes which characterize the privileged classes. Internationally we are in fact the great privileged class. Pious as we are, we seem to lack every resource of moral insight and imagination to qualify international attitudes dictated by purely economic facts. Europe is poor and we are rich. Europe needs us and we do not need Europe. That is the determining factor in our growing isolationism. Does Europe want an alm? We will grant it; and add a little advice on how to be righteous and prosperous. But we will countenance nothing which challenges our favored position and our economic power. I recently attended a Sunday school convention in which a well-known religious leader asked his hearers to take grateful notice of the fact that President Coolidge had given our national life a "spiritual note" such as it has not had for generations. "Everyone of his public utterances contains the makings of a good sermon." I do not think the whole church is as bad as that, but the utterance (*Continued on page* 480)

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Worms for Bait

By ROGER WILLIAM RIIS

THE shadows of summer evening were reaching across a Long Island garden. In a little while it would be dark, and the small boy who was so active in one corner of the garden was putting hurried effort to his work. It would soon become difficult to see the worms as his energetic shovel turned them up, and he must get a proper supply of them if he were to start "first thing in the morning" on his fishing trip.

Possessed of malice, the worms were slow about offering themselves. He had turned over several square feet of earth and as yet had only a half dozen curling victims in the tin can beside him. A little tired and much worried, he paused for a moment and straightened up.

Through the garden a man came toward him.

"What is it now?" asked the man.

"Worms for bait," replied the boy as he bent again to the digging.

The man stood beside him and watched for a few minutes, speaking once to point out a worm that the lad had missed. Finally, "When are you going fishing?" he asked.

"First thing in the morning. Before breakfast. I wish the darn worms would show up more."

"Well," said the man, "I know a way to get them up in great shape. "Let's try it."

Willingly the boy gave up the shovel. The man stepped to a piece of ground that had not yet been dug, forced the spade twelve or fifteen inches into the ground, and then commenced to move the handle back and forth. The resulting jars at each end of his stroke shook the earth for four or five feet around. The boy watched curiously. Back and forth the man moved the spade, meanwhile watching the surface of the ground closely.

"There's one," he said suddenly, stooping to pick up a panic-stricken worm which had hurried to the surface. "And there's another."

The boy was delightedly surprised.

"Hey, there's two more!" he cried. "Gee whizz, Pop, that's a peach of a way. Oh, gee, another!"

"They think it's an earthquake," the man remarked conversationally, "and they come up to see where it is. Maybe they get squeezed a little, too, when they're underground."

A few minutes of this sufficed to put enough worms into the tin can for any emergency of fishing. As man and boy walked together to put the spade away and to install the worms safely for the night, the boy looked up, hopefully.

"Pop, come along tomorrow, will yuh?"

"Won't the other fellows mind?"

"Mind!" exclaimed the boy stoutly. "No, they wouldn't mind anyway, but they aren't going. It's just me. I got a new pond I've only been to a coupla times. It's two miles down toward Jamaica, and gee! the fishing's swell there!"

"All right, Billy, I'll come," said the man. "We'll start about half past six, hey, and I'll get Rovisa to give us something to eat to take along."

"All right," said the boy. That was all he said, for he was not given to much self-expression. But his heart was light. To have his father go with him on one of these expeditions was an exciting and thrilling thing. His father was always so busy, or away, and the few times he could go along he was such a good skate and such an interesting fellow! And, too, his father had that great prestige that enabled him actually to ask Rovisa, the cook, to make breakfast conform to the fishing expedition, and sense enough to take breakfast along instead of having it at home first. This was real luck.

"All right, Pop," said the boy. "I'll make the hooks after dinner tonight."

So next day the two went hand in hand through the fields, each carrying a maple pole, home-made, wound with the black thread that was the line. The hooks the boy had made by heating needles in a candle and bending them to shape. The boy carried the worms in one hand, and held his father's hand with the other.

The two spent a happy morning at the pond, yanking out enough fat sun-fish to satisfy both of them. Not until many years later, when the boy read the man's autobiography, did he discover that a million mosquitoes had attended the expedition, too, and had worked impartially and thoroughly on both of them. Man and boy were bitten and sunburned; but they were happy, too, as they walked home. It had been a good trip for both of them.

"Let's see if Rovisa's got an old pail or somethin' for an aquarium," said the boy, looking down proudly at the sun-fish that pushed and flopped in the can that had held the worms.

"Why don't we take that old wash boiler from the tool shed and sink it in the ground by the beeches?" suggested the man. "Let's make a regular aquarium right in the ground."

"Gee whizz, let's! And we'll line it with those shells you brought back from Denmark, and—and—"

Mutually planning, they came home. Now and then the boy's rather shy eyes would look up at the man. In them was a look that spoke eloquently. Occasionally the man looked down at the boy—and in his eyes was the same look. Man and boy, father and son—yes, but playmates at heart.

Jacob A. Riis, the father

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Soldiers' Graves

By DOROTHY CANFIELD

ANYONE watching from the cemetery could have seen in the distance the little cloud of dust which announced the approach of the first Ford. But there was no one watching from the cemetery. The dead lay quiet in their graves; the grass and trees and all the growing things thrust their roots deeper into the warm, moist earth and lifted their heads joyfully towards the strong, living heat of the sun. There was no one who cared in the least that the first Ford was approaching.

Presently it appeared, and ground slowly up the sandy road, a small American flag waving from its radiator-cap. Similar flags, new and paper-crisp, fluttered from the wreaths of flowers held by the little country boys who filled the car to the brim, perching three deep on the back seat. When it stopped at the gate of the cemetery, the little boys spilled themselves out without waiting to open the doors. Like the grass and trees and other growing things, they were quivering and glistening with vitality. Their small bodies were clad in their best clothes, every one had a neck-tie, their hair was smoothly brushed back from their round, well-soaped faces. Over their arms hung the wreaths for the soldiers' graves.

"Now, don't go and put them on the Masons' graves, the way they did last year," cautioned the driver of their car energetically, as he slammed the Ford into reverse to turn it around. "They didn't pay any attention to what they were doing, and got everything all mixed up. Look for the graves that have the G. A. R. standard and a flag. Take out the old flag, put in your this-year's one and lay your wreath down near the head of the grave. No, better lean it up against the tombstone, if there is one."

The little boys listened seriously, nodded their understanding of these instructions, and walked on. It made them feel important to be walking. They were very little boys who usually skipped or ran.

More cars were arriving now, from which more clean-faced little boys with wreaths were clambering out. In one of the cars sat the minister who had come to "say a few words and pronounce the benediction." A golden cloud of dust hung in the air, shimmering.

Inside the cemetery there was no dust. It was not considered decorous for cars to roll in over the weedy gravel of those driveways. The little boys, ten or twelve of them now, walked forward, the smaller ones once in a while giving a skipping hop to keep up with the bigger ones. When they reached the older part of the cemetery where the grayer tombstones stood, they separated and began to hunt out the graves where a faded last-year's flag drooped from the metal standard.

JOHN HEMINWAY ANDREWS
DIED IN CAMP FAIRFAX VIRGINIA
May 15, 1863
IN THE TWENTY-SECOND YEAR
OF HIS LIFE

The round-cheeked little boy did not read this, but he saw the drab grizzled flag and knew that here was a place for one of his wreaths. He stepped around the grave, and set his wreath up against the tombstone. As he did this, he leaned his hand for an instant upon the stone. Instantly a silent scream burst up from the grave. The first of the soldiers had awakened.

All the year around they lay quietly and rested in their graves. They had all been country-men, at home under the open sky. Neither the furious rages of winter, nor the heat of the summer suns could disturb their sleep. Year by year the shroud of their oblivion was thicker and softer. . . . If only little boys could be kept away from their grassy beds. . . little boys with clear eyes and honest faces and small kind harmless hands. At the touch of those small hands, the dead men who had been small and harmless little boys themselves, awoke in the old agony to what they were trying to forget.

John Andrews, who had died in Camp Fairfax in 1863, had died screaming his heart out while the surgeons were amputating his leg without anaesthetics. When he awoke it was always in the midst of that shriek. But now it was at the little boy he screamed, to warn him, to tell him, to let him know. . . . He could never think of words for his warning, he was so horrified by the child's rosy calmness, by the candid clarity of his eyes, by his awful unawareness . . . he could only shriek and shriek silently from his grave, till the trees above him quivered to it, till the clouds echoed it back. But none of the little boys ever heard him. Nor did this one.

He looked carefully at the standard to make sure it was the right one. The metal was so rusted that the letters were almost illegible but he thought he could see G. A. R. Were those the letters he had been told to look for? He tried to remember. He had no idea what they meant. Older people always take for granted that children know. But little children are always new. They are not born with any knowledge of what older people have lived with.

The little boy took out the dingy flag now and put in the bright new one. It was the first time he had been old enough to do this on Decoration Day and he wanted to get it quite right.

Well, there was *one* wreath disposed of. Where was another grave?

A LITTLE distance away from him was an older boy who was already placing his second wreath. This was his second year to come to the cemetery on Decoration Day, and he knew what to do. He took the old flag briskly from the standard, set in the new one, and laid his wreath of lilacs up against the tombstone. His mother had told him not to take longer than he need, because they were all to go fishing that afternoon.

Under the matted grass of the grave he had just decorated lay a dead man, who had been very poor and who had gone away to war because he had been offered five hundred dollars to take a rich man's place. With the money, he and his young wife had planned to buy a farm of their own,

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and have a home in which to bring up their children. Very dear to him were his three little sons so like this little boy who now bent his fair round child-face above the old grave. The dead man had never been very bright, and knew that never in any other way could he earn so much money as five hundred dollars. It had seemed an easy way to provide a home for his children and his young wife, where he could take care of them all as they grew up.

He had killed other men because he had been told to, killed and maimed men whom he had never seen before, who had never done anything to him; and then one of them had maimed and killed him. He had died in battle, an expression of astonishment on his face (he had never been very bright and had not at all understood what was happening to him). The last thing he had seen was the unknown face of the unknown man who was killing him although they had never seen each other before. Death had sealed that stranger's face upon his eyes, so that when, with a start, once a year, he awoke from his sleep, he saw two faces . . . the set, strange features of the man who was driving a bayonet into his side, and a little boy's face, fresh and clear and harmless, like his own little boy's face. He had died without a sound, but now, as the child leaned upon his breast to set the wreath in place he broke into a groaning cry of "Misery! Misery!"

But no one heard him. The little boy brushed his hands together lightly to dust them off, and was about to turn away when he saw a tiny fly buzzing in terror in a spider's web. He stooped, broke the threads and freed the small flying thing, which spun up into the sunny air with a whirring beat of gauzy wings.

At this the soldier in his grave groaned yet more loudly, "Misery! Misery! Misery!" straining to be heard, till the blades of grass growing over him shook with his violence.

The little boy, having placed all his wreaths, skipped down the weedy path to join his mother.

A thin little boy who ought never to have been born was stopping beside another grave. The little boy's mother was "not all there" as country people say, and his father was dying of tuberculosis. There were six children already, all of them thin and white and sober-faced. This was the oldest one at home, eight years old. The one older, a girl, who was nine, was already in a sanitarium, her bones having begun to rot away in her father's disease. The little boy with the wreaths had known why she had been sent away from home, and he was keeping carefully hidden a sore on his knee that did not heal. He told no one about it, and if anyone noticed that he limped, he always said he had just stubbed his toe.

He was happy now beyond anything imaginable. Although his mother was not bright, and his father was shiftless and sick, he had been chosen just like any other boy to decorate the graves. He was in an ecstasy of elation. In his smileless little face his eyes shone. It was the first time in all his life that he had held a proud position of trust like this. He had had a ride in an automobile, with flags on it, with other little boys, well and strong and well-dressed, whose fathers worked regularly and whose mothers were clean and knew how to read and write. And now, just like anyone, he was laying wreaths on the graves . . . trusted . . . nobody watching him to see that he did it right . . . responsible. He walked carefully, trying not to limp, and glanced down at his knee once in a while to be sure that the oozing matter from his sore had not soaked through the cheap thin material of his trousers.

He laid a wreath on a grave . . . a very fine grave with a great marble tombstone, marked with the name of Captain Elijah Hatwell on it. He was not going to take a mean little grave when he could just as well have a fine one.

Under the great marble monument lay a happy man . . . a man who like the little boy ought never to have been born, who had lived to know it and to wish for death; a man whose sick-minded fathers had passed on to him a sick brain, and whose mother had given him enough health to see the fate which stood across his path. He had died slowly of his wounds, months of dying in one hospital after another, and all of it had been sweet to him, as his escape. Soundly he slept . . . and he did not awaken as did his comrades who had not wished to die, when rosy little boys laid their small hands upon the old graves.

But today he stirred, and felt his stilled heart draw together in pain. "Come . . . come . . . come . . ." he murmured pityingly to the little limping child. "Come . . . come . . . come . . ." he called in a low compassionate tone so sweet with longing that a thrush about to sing in the tree above, stopped to listen.

But the little boy did not hear. People were gathering at the other end of the cemetery, near the entrance, for the "exercises," and he hurried off. He did not wish to miss any of this day of glory.

A sturdy, broad-chested playmate of his called after him, "I'll be there in a moment . . . I've got one more wreath left."

He looked about hastily for a grave with a flag, and when he saw one ran towards it energetically as he ran in his games. Close beside it, he tripped and fell sprawling across it, his wreath flying out of his hands.

The soldier beneath him had been as sturdy and broad-chested as the little boy. He had left his pleasant, wholesome, country life and had gone to war to defend his country's unity and to free black men held as slaves. He had been proud of this, had been glad to die for it, and year after year on the day when his dead comrades lost their courage, he had kept a stern righteous silence. Although he had winced at the touch of little boys' hands, he had always kept his eyes resolutely shut and his lips folded to stillness. This year he had hoped he was forgotten, and felt himself already sinking back into blessed blackness, when the impact of the child's firm, strong, falling body startled him from his gaze into oblivion.

He had no time to prepare himself, to stiffen, to resist. He was gazing full into the little boy's eyes . . . clear . . . clear . . . deep,—and ignorant. Their utter, empty ignorance of all the soldier knew, drove to his vitals like the bullet that had killed him, and as instinctively as he had screamed then, he screamed now . . . the thing the little boy did not know, and that he knew. "Blood! Blood! Blood!" he shrieked noiselessly.

It was the word he slept to forget. All eternity would be too short a sleep to forget that word. Awake now, with a clear-eyed living little boy lying on his breast, his scream of "Blood! Blood! Blood!" rose from his grave like a scarlet spray and fell back in dripping red drops upon the child's beautiful strong body.

The little boy sprang hastily to his feet and looked about him anxiously, fearing to be scolded for his awkwardness,

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but no one had noticed. Near the entrance of the cemetery the exercises were going on. The light breeze brought some of the phrases to his ears . . . " . . . over our fair land . . . the last meed of true devotion . . . with unflinching heroism to defend the right. . . ."

Turning their backs on the scattered graves where they had left their wreaths, the little boys straggled back towards the entrance. In front of them a group of people stood about the minister who was finishing his few remarks with a solemn dip of his voice intended as the transition to the benediction . . . "unfailing grateful remembrance of our fallen heroes," he said and stopped to draw breath.

Back of the little boys, the dead soldiers had all taken up the cry of the last awakened, the strongest, the best, the one who had always till now been silent. Now they knew what it was that must be said and heard. "Blood! Blood! Blood!" they screamed after the harmless little boys, trotting light-heartedly through the flickering tree-shadows.

The minister slid into the benediction;—"and now . . ." he raised his hand and lifted his face. The little boys stood still and looked down at their shoes, ". . . the peace of God which passeth all understanding . . ."

"Blood! Blood! Blood!" screamed the dead soldiers soundlessly.

The exercises were over. The little boys swarmed up over the sides of the automobiles and perched three deep on the seats. Some of them took off their neck-ties and put them in their pockets. The little sick boy's face shone. Some one had carelessly given him a flag to keep (they were bought by the dozen anyhow, and one more or less . . .). He had never had a flag of his own before. He waved it with all his might as the Ford turned and started back down the hill. It had been the happiest day of his life. For once he had been an accepted part of things. He thought with pride of the great stone monument where he had laid a wreath. None of the other boys had had so fine a one. It came to him that he too would like to be a soldier when he grew up. And have, perhaps, a fine marble monument put up to him when he died. A throb of pain from his knee made him look down with apprehension. No, it had not soaked through his trouser, yet.

The dust cloud dying away in the distance marked the departure of the last Ford. The dead soldiers lay silent, fumbling with their dead hands to draw up over them once more the blessed black of oblivion. Nothing else in all the year could reach them to rend asunder that sheltering pall . . . if only no little boys came near them, little boys with clear eyes and honest faces and kind, small, harmless hands. Raw and shaken, the dead soldiers huddled down under the shreds of their torn forgetfulness.

The thrush rolled his rounded liquid note into the silence. The trees and grass and all the rooted things quivered and glistened with vitality. In the hot sun the flowers of the wreaths, their life oozing from their amputated stems, began to hang their heads and die. The little new paper-crisp American flags, bought at wholesale, stood stiffly at attention. The last cloud of dust died away in the distance. The cemetery lay quiet.

The soldiers, having been remembered, were now once more forgotten.

The New Day

Song of the German Youth Movement

By HERMANN CLAUDIUS

Translated by ANNA L. CURTIS

Side by side as on we pace,
And the songs of old are singing,
All the woods with magic ringing,
Can we doubt that we are bringing
New Day to the human race?

Toilsome wears the week away—
Work that from our lives is taking
Toll 'til Life itself is shaking—
No one thinks complaint of making—
Joyous smiles our holy-day.

Green of birch and green of seed,
As, with gesture of beseeching,
Mother Earth her full hands reaching,
"Thou'rt mine own", her constant teaching,
May man recognize his need.

Glance and step and word and song,
As in ancient tales enshrining,
Still, their strong arms fast entwining,
Shall, uplifting, thrilling, shining,
Bear our joyous souls along.

Man and woman; woman, man,
Call not Water now and Fire;
For our bodies we aspire
To new peace; our thoughts are higher—
Free our gaze, on woman, man.

Side by side as on we pace,
And the songs of old are singing,
All the woods with music ringing,
Can we doubt that we are bringing
New Day to the human race?

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Daggers and Dreadnaughts

By JEAN HARRIS ARNOLD

STRANGE rewards come sometimes to those obstinate folk who insist on hanging on to both the past and the present, refusing to curse the one and bless the other and let it go at that. Sometimes they see the two make such violent contact that the sparks fly. Now sparks are not illuminating, but they show which way the rider is going—that mysterious rider, the carrier of human destiny.

So it happened that I was rereading the Electra of Euripides (don't be alarmed—it was the Gilbert Murray translation which anyone can get at the library) at the time the daily papers were full of the Snyder trial. Not the pleasing cleverness of The Private Life of Helen of Troy but the rough facts of human sin and sorrow had brought the ancient story sharply up to date. No one could help being struck by the similarity of the two tragedies even in their gruesome details. As the art editor, after an evening of social pleasure, was attacked at night in his own bed by his unfaithful wife and her lover, strangled by picture wire and beaten to death with a sash-weight, so Agamemnon, returning victorious from Troy, was attacked in his bath by Queen Clytemnestra and her lover Aegisthus, caught and muffled in the "web of fine broidered wool" and killed with an axe. In both cases an innocent young daughter was left to bear the double burden, deprived of one parent by the unnatural crime and of the other by its merited punishment. Four thousand years lie between the tragedies in ancient Argos and in modern America, yet they are like duplicates.

Only for one all-important difference. In that old world of Argos *there was no public justice.* Justice was not lacking. Justice was demanded by gods and men. The guilty must be punished, just as they must in our own day. But the solemn obligation to perform that punishment, to bring the guilty ones to justice, lay upon the murdered man's next of kin. Dark as is the tragedy of the little American girl, it is light compared with that of Electra. In those old days the mother's unnatural crime laid upon her own children the terrible duty of a crime still more unnatural—and there was no escape. There was no public justice. Fearing the crime that came to pass, an old servant of Agamemnon had carried off his little son Orestes to a distant kinsman before the father's return; the daughter Electra was married very young to a poor countryman on the outskirts of the city, that her unborn children might never be able to exact due vengeance from the guilty pair. So Clytemnestra and Aegisthus ruled in Argos, hated but undisputed, for ten years. At this point the play begins.

ELECTRA'S peasant husband has respected the virgin honor of his princess and does what he can to make her hard lot easy, while she insists on doing her share of the household tasks, brooding all the while upon her brother's coming back and upon the terrible yet sacred task that waits for his return. He comes, makes himself known to her, and in the brief scene of joyful recognition the love of sister and brother reunited after long parting and deep sorrow is like the sun breaking through the clouds for a few minutes in the coming on of a thunderstorm. It makes the following darkness all the darker.

It is not hard for Orestes to bring himself to slay Aegisthus, the seducer of his mother, murderer of his father, usurper of his own throne and patrimony. Even yet men can find it in their hearts to wreak personal vengeance upon those who have so wronged them. Guided by his sister's counsel, he seeks the guilty king where he is sacrificing to the woodland nymphs. As he bends over the victim, seeing in it sign of evil fortune, Orestes springs upon him and kills him with a single stroke. He makes himself known to the followers of the King, "It is I, the wronged Orestes! Hold, and smite me not, old housefolk of my father!" They recognize him as the rightful heir and avenger. He comes back with the pride of a victor to his sister.

Electra

O conqueror, come! The king that trampled Troy
Knoweth his son Orestes. Come in joy,
Brother, and take to bind thy rippling hair
My crowns! O what are crowns that runners wear
For some vain race? But thou in battle true
Hast felled our foe Aegisthus, him that slew
By craft thy sire and mine.

Meanwhile Electra has sent a messenger to lure her mother to them before she shall hear of her husband's death; even as Orestes exults he sees a chariot coming far down the road and suddenly snatches the wreath from his head.

Orestes

'Tis my mother comes; my own mother, that bare me.

Electra (moving where she can see the road)

Aye, there she cometh—straight into the snare!

Orestes

What would we with our mother? Didst thou say
Kill her?

Electra (turning upon him)

What? Is it pity? Dost thou fear
To see thy mother's shape?

Orestes

'Twas she that bare
My body into life. She gave me suck.
How can I strike her?

Electra

Strike her as she struck
Our father.

Although Orestes has received the plain oracle from Apollo that he was to avenge his father's death upon his mother, he cannot bring himself to do it. He prays:

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Phoebus, God, was all Thy mind
Turned unto darkness?

. . . . . .

Thou, thou didst bid me kill
My mother; which is sin.

Electra's arguments are of no avail. He has avenged his father's murder upon Aegisthus; upon his mother? No. At last Electra uses that sharpest spur with which women have ever driven men, sharpest because it touches to the quick the deepest hidden fear within them.

Electra (almost despairingly)

To fail me now!
To fail me now! A coward!—O brother, no!

He yields; he goes into the house to await his mother's coming. Presently his mother comes and Electra leads her into the house. Those outside hear Clytemnestra's voice:

O children, children; in the name of God,
Slay not your mother!

Then a wild, dying scream, and the door bursts open and Orestes and Electra come forth in disorder. Orestes is inconsolable; Electra claims her share of the guilt, but he does not even heed her. They kneel beside their mother's body.

Then, at the very last, Euripides throws a gleam of hope on the sad scene, like a rainbow upon the darkness of a thunder cloud. The heavenly horsemen, Castor and Polydeuctes, brothers of the slain queen, come to comfort her children. They tell Orestes that he may not tarry in his birthplace, which he has defiled with his mother's blood. He must suffer from the avenging Furies (the old gods are they, who make no allowances, who know no mercy). But if he endure patiently all their torments and make his way to Athens, there on the Areopagus is a court of judgment where justice, *public justice,* may be found. There half the judges shall count him guiltless, the honorable avenger of his father's death; the other half shall condemn him as his mother's murderer. But Phoebus Apollo shall take upon himself that stain, and Orestes shall go forth from that hall of judgment a free man, to found a city and a royal line in Arcady. So to the Athenians who saw his play, who knew well that hill of judgment, Euripides brought home, as he still does to us today, the boon of public justice, the salvation it has been to man from deeds of blood and horror done in the name of right.

ONCE before I had seen the sparks fly from that impact of the new upon the old code of justice. I had heard Burns of the Mountains tell of the wiping out of that family feud in Kentucky which had already cost more than a hundred lives and which cast its evil shadow even over the babe in the cradle. ("See, hit's a man-child; soon's he can tote a rifle he'll git his poppy's murderer!") Burns himself took an active part in this feud for more than ten years. He brought down his man; he was twice severely wounded. Then he saw a glimmer of hope and risked everything upon it.

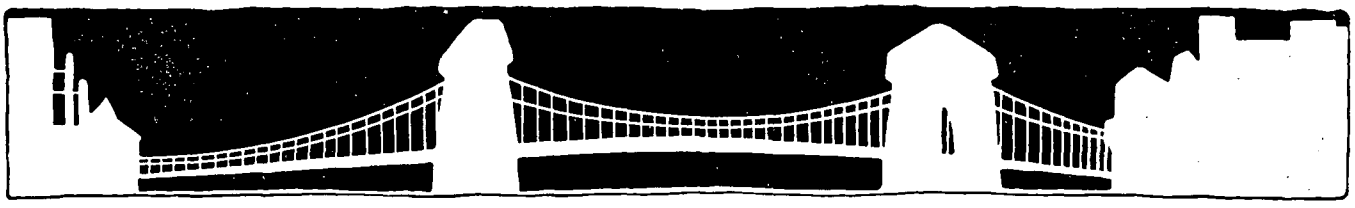
He called together by his personal invitation at an old mill pockmarked by the bullets of past battles, every man who took an active part in the feud on both sides. They gathered around their leaders, on opposite sides of the room. Burns stood in the middle and laid his plan before them. No one who has heard his story will ever forget that dramatic moment when at one and the same time both leaders started to their feet and strode to the middle of the room—slowly, each inscrutable, each searching the other's face as if he would tear out the secrets of his heart, each moving toward the man who was the murderer of his father, his brother, or his kinsmen. A single angry word, a single misunderstood gesture, and the armed truce would become a massacre. Would it be life, or death? Would it be the old code of Argos or the new one of civilization!

As Burns described those leaders grasping hands and promising to build together a school in which their children should sit side by side and unlearn those lessons of hatred drawn in with their mother's milk, a sigh of relief came from his thousand listeners. It was as if we had come out of a dark and noisome cave smelling of dead men's bones into the open air and sunlight.

So the sparks fly. Which way is the rider going? How is justice evolving?

WHAT about our descendants four thousand years from now? Or, since we are moving at so much swifter rate, by automobile instead of the war chariots of Agamemnon's day, shall we say one thousand years from now? Will they, in understanding pity, say of us, "Poor things, *they had no public justice for their nations.* They had public justice for individuals; they had wiped out family feuds, but they had no international justice. In the name of patriotism, by the sacred claim of mother country, of fatherland, they sent their bravest and their best young men, those whose lives held the greatest promise for the race, out to murder their brothers, the bravest and best across the border. When their hearts sickened within them, when they revolted in spirit from the slaughter, their women, crushing down all their natural tenderness, all their intolerable dread of sorrow worse than death, urged them on, applied that sharpest of all spurs by which men are driven—called them cowards. They went to murder in the name of justice, and each just war led to another. No wonder their civilization staggered and almost fell under the terrible burden."

Will they say this of us? And when their national crises come, as come they will since we cannot expect human nature to change any more in a thousand years than it has in four thousand, will they by contrast with our barbarous times appreciate their higher code of justice?



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After Mussolini Dies

By PETER BROOKLYN

Illustrations from cover designs by Sironi for La Revista Illustrata del Popolo d'Italia

FASCIST Italy is no exception to the rule that succession to a dictator is a trying problem fraught with difficulties for the nation concerned. Indeed, it will be a particularly grave problem in Italy where it is universally realized that the crucial test of the Fascist regime will come when Benito Mussolini passes from power.

Although the Fascist dictator stands in little danger of being torn from his high place, he is by no means safe from an assassin's bullet or from the more imminent peril of mortal illness. In fact, serious illness is a Damocletian sword hanging over the head of the man whose word is law throughout Italy.

Frequent assurances to the contrary notwithstanding, Mussolini is not the indefatigable invulnerable figure he was less than a year ago. His illness last winter weakened him more than his friends care to admit; ulceration of the duodenum left traces which even the most robust of constitutions would not have been able to cast off completely.

If the frequency of rest periods of a man accustomed to long hours of strenuous uninterrupted labor is insufficient evidence to show physical deterioration, the testimony of physiognomical alterations cannot easily be dismissed. The Premier's face, once the picture of boundless energy, is drawn and tired; his jaw is as firm as ever but his eyes are dulled. His will is still of iron but it is plain that his body has suffered a blow from which it may never fully recover.

Mussolini's hands still grip firmly the reins of power. Not only is he dictator of Italy but he is the director of the gradual evolution of a Fascist polity; not only does he command unqualified allegiance of the rank and file of the Fascist Party but he enlists men of brains to assist him in his enormous task of government.

His death would shake the foundations of the Fascist regime and would bring into question anew the tendencies of Italy's political future. His successor would inherit a task unprecedented in magnitude even in this turbulent generation; would inherit powers so great as to require for their proper control truly Mussolinian strength.

Yet, despite the obvious importance of the succession and notwithstanding the disquieting rumors about the Premier's health, few political observers in the United States have even speculated about the future of Italy without its powerful *"duce"*. Mussolini's commanding personality has so intrigued imaginations, his single-handed domination of the entire political scene has so occupied attention and his Caesarian shadow has so effectively monopolized all of the limelight that other Italian political figures have been dwarfed into insignificance.

Very few Americans have stopped to realize that Fascism in its present stage must have centralized personal control and that absence of such control might conceivably turn Italy's history back to the black page of 1919, that it might cause renewed internal strife as dangerous to the nation as open civil war.

Much depends upon the identity of Mussolini's successor. Nominally there is no heir apparent. Fascists assert that "Fascism, as a growing and developing theory, is contained in the formidable brain of Mussolini," giving little heed to the day when their leader will no longer be able to answer their questions and make their decisions. Anti-Fascists predict death with him of the system he created, arguing that it is merely his personality which gives it strength and coherence.

Actually there are two aspirants waiting for the high place Mussolini has created, two men so utterly different from each other in every way as to make it seem incredible that they should both be candidates for a single position. Moreover, it is an open secret that no love is lost between them and that each thinks the other a usurper and a false prophet.

As different as night and day are Roberto Farinacci and Luigi Federzoni and the contrast between them is the symbol of a chasm between conflicting elements in the party they serve faithfully and probably without designing personal ambitiousness.

Farinacci, youthful secretary-general of the Fascist Party, and its strong man, is of the people, blunt, violent, aggressive, crude but direct in his methods, uncompromising, contemptuous of the niceties of political theorizing, and with a profound faith in the efficacy of action.

Federzoni, Minister of the Interior and acknowledged statesman of the Fascist regime, is an aristocrat, an intellectual, a diplomat versed in the subtleties of sophisticated social and political practices, polished to the finger tips, suspicious of the efficacy of mass action and intent upon finding a place for Fascism among the great political systems of all time.

WITH Mussolini, the creator of Fascism, Farinacci is the guardian of its physical vitality, Federzoni of its mental virility. The former handles men, the latter marshals ideas; one controls the party, the other aids Mussolini in conducting the Government.

Since the "soul" of Fascism has fallen upon evil days and since a campaign of physical conquest of internal enemies has lately been commanding all of the party's energy, Farinacci's star is in the ascendant, while Federzoni's is low in the heavens.

Side by side, the two men present a remarkable contrast. Federzoni is tall, handsome, somewhat portly, of commanding presence, always the gentleman, the Doctor of Letters and the statesman, plainly showing his high social origin, his polished manners and careful breeding. A man of sharply defined political ideas, his incisiveness of manner, while flavored when necessary with diplomacy, is always

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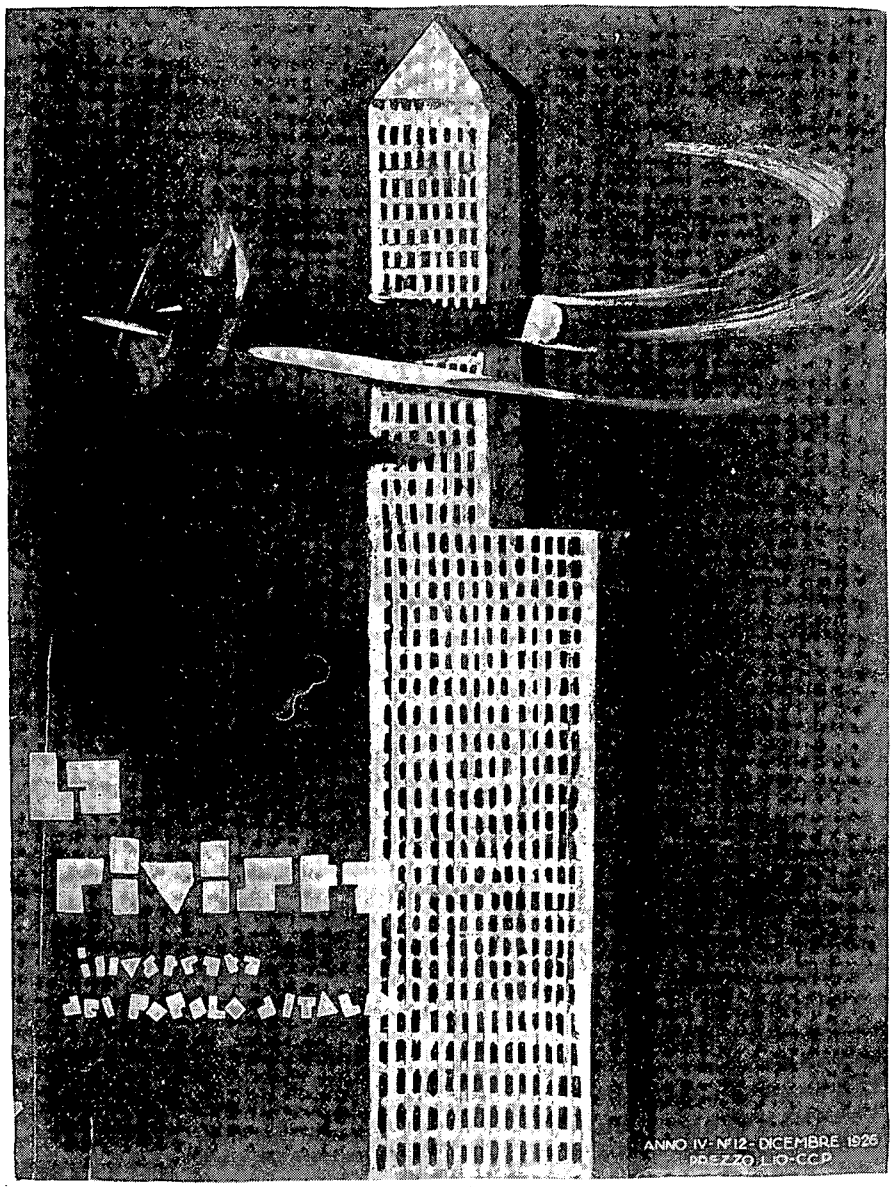

The ideal Mussolini's Italy strives for—Modernism

tinged with aloof refusal of compromise with any but equally well-born ideas.

Farinacci's bodily characteristics are those of the undistinguished man-in-the-street of any Latin country. Somewhat under middle height, of ordinary build, with small commonplace features, dark hair and small moustache, he would be lost in any Italian crowd. Although his appearance has nothing to mark him as a leader of men, he succeeds in leading them by dint of his great power of forensic oratory. As much as Mussolini, he understands how to impress people. A born poseur, he excels at commanding popular affection; a man of the people, he knows how to identify himself with the John Smiths of Italy. They respect him because he thinks and acts as they do. While dignified statesmen exude condescension, alienating the sympathies of the common people by mental processes beyond their comprehension and polished manners of an environment beyond their access, Farinacci inspires trust. He has glorified the theory of striking first and thinking afterward; he has made a cult of crude manners and direct violent service of the Fascist dictator.

Of the two men, Federzoni is constitutionally of the minority. Generally conceded to be a statesman second in ability only to the *"duce"* himself, Federzoni has little popular support. By many Italians he is considered to stand in the same relation to modern Italy as did Count Cavour to the Italy of the first days after the Unification because, more than any other individual except Mussolini, he has been responsible for the development of a polity from the political incoherence of the early Fascist period.

Before the advent of Fascism, Federzoni had helped found the Nationalist Party which, in point of national policy, was the precursor of Fascism. He was one of a small minority of ardent nationalists who developed a political creed of staunch Italianity and stood against the rising tide of radicalism.

Born in Bologna in 1866, he began his career as a journalist and became well known under the nom-de-plume of Giulio de Frenzi. Early interested in politics, he threw in his lot with Enrico Corradini with whom he built up the system of political ideas which was incorporated in the Nationalist program. Elected to the Chamber of Deputies in 1913, his Parliamentary career was interrupted by the World War in which he served as a bombardment officer, earning a medal of valor.

After the "march on Rome," Mussolini summoned him and asked for the cooperation of his party with the result that he entered the Cabinet as Minister of the Colonies, a post he held until he became Minister of the Interior in June, 1924.

During Federzoni's tenure of office, Fascism, which in its inception had been little more than a method of cleansing the state of causes of internal decay, gradually developed a governmental program modeled on Nationalist lines. It became increasingly apparent that the former Nationalist leader was the mental power behind the Mussolinian throne.

In no sense a popular figure, Federzoni has not endeared himself to the hearts of the people but he has earned their respect by his efficient unostentatious ministerial labors. The rank and file of the party dislike him because they do not understand him. More thoughtful Fascists believe him to be their only hope, the sole person capable of perpetuating Fascism. Socialists detest him, calling him "the tool of the metallurgists"; Liberals offer the doubtful compliment that he is "as dangerous as he is able."

With Farinacci, the tables are turned. All that his opponent is not, the common people worship him, while thoughtful men consider him a danger to the Premier who, they believe, is allowing his fire-eating lieutenant to stray beyond the limits of his proper tether. Arch-enemy of all non-Fascists, he has carried the battle to them to such an extent that he, more than Mussolini, earns their heartiest

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execration. Unlike Federzoni, he never avoids playing to the gallery and never steps out of the public eye for a moment.

Farinacci's career has been even more meteoric than Mussolini's and his influence is growing daily. The intransigeant wing of the party of which he is leader is already firmly in the saddle, dictating all important policies and overshadowing ministerial influence.

A native by birth of Isernia and by adoption of Cremona, Farinacci was an assistant railway station master when the World War broke out. After vigorously advocating Italian intervention on the side of the Allies, he served for a year and a half in the military railway service on the Trent front, returning to his post at Cremona when the Government decided that railwaymen were most valuable in their peacetime positions.

In 1919 he was one of the first to rush to Milan to answer Mussolini's appeal and helped in founding the *Fasci di Combattimento,* nucleus of present-day Fascism. The succeeding years—during which he completed his law studies—found him in the forefront of the battle to conquer Socialism and Communism; through his articles in the weeklies *La Squilla* (The Bell) and *Voce del Popolo* (Voice of the People), he rapidly became leader of the anti-radical movement. He is credited with having organized the Fascist Provincial Federation, comprising Fascist labor unions and employers associations.

When the Matteotti affair threatened to break the solidarity of party ranks, Farinacci's voice was heard above all others, refusing to consider the incident a victory for the Opposition and maintaining that Fascism, as a whole, could not be held responsible for the murder of the Socialist Deputy. While others weakened, he held firm.

As Deputy from Cremona, president of the Fascist council of that province and personal director of *Cremona Nuova* he attacked the "moral cause" created by the Opposition and defied the moderate element in his party by ordering his personal followers to conform to his attitude.

His victory was so complete that suddenly he sprang to fame. Early this year, he was, at 32, given the most important place in the party, the highest but one in the Fascist hierarchy.

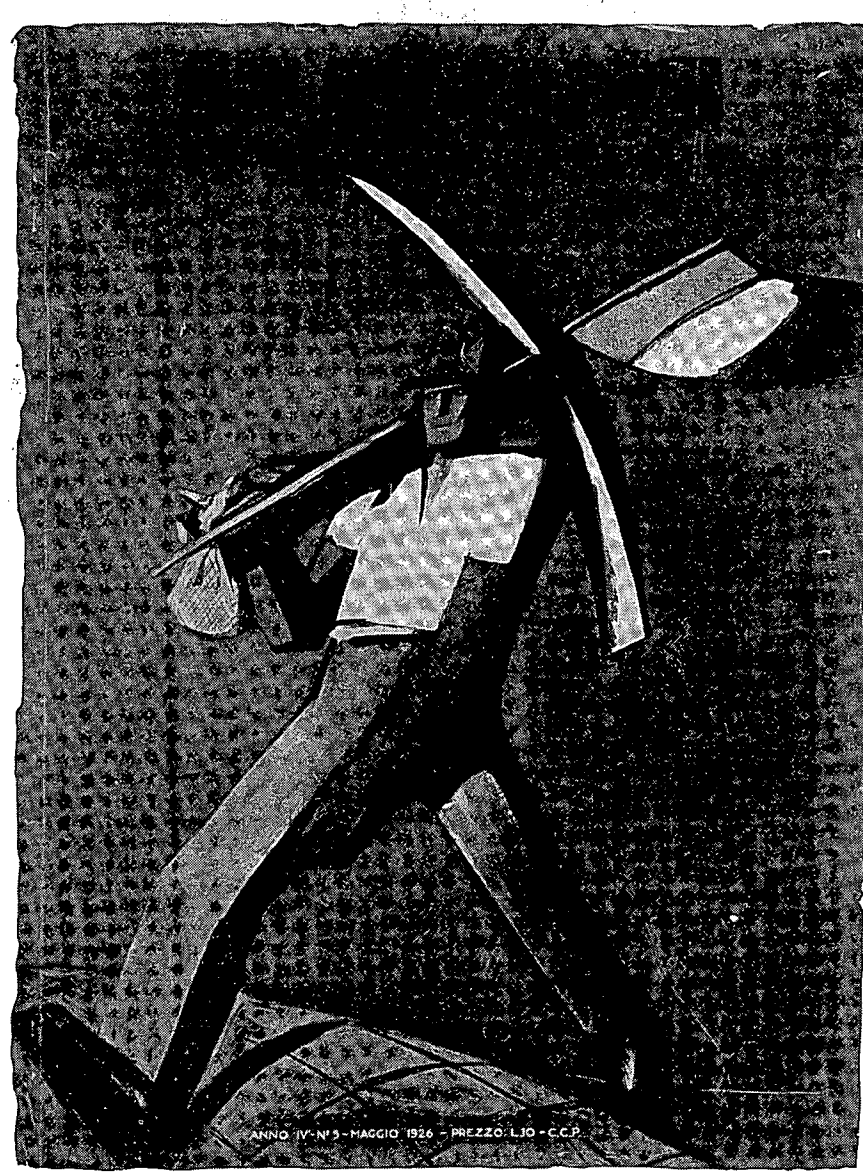
As secretary-general he has risen head and shoulders above the other men in his party. No one questions but that Mussolini's toga will some day fall upon his shoulders if the party does not swerve from its present course.

In point of personal colorfulness, aggressiveness, fearlessness of consequences and singleness of purpose, Farinacci can be compared only with Mussolini. He is the only man in Italy whose magnetic forensic powers can vie with those of the Premier. But, in the intransigeance of his attitude towards opposition and in the violence of his language, both written and spoken, he goes much farther than his chief with whom he shares a strong penchant for making enemies and for refusing to explain his ideas or conduct except to his superiors. A mild expression of his disapproval of an opponent would, in the United States, bring him within the limits of the libel and scandal statutes; a vigorous one would be unprintable.

The basis of Farinacci's creed is that there must be no hesitation on the issue of Fascism; an Italian is either a loyal Fascist or an enemy. Moreover, all non-Fascists are enemies of Italy, who must be destroyed at any cost. Fascism must stand alone without compromise with individuals or groups.

Farinacci's faction in the party, now supreme, believes that the work of the "revolution of 1922" is not complete. First the Opposition must be annihilated and then the Government can really begin solving important national problems. This must be done at any cost and by any method available, violence included.

Federzoni's faction, while accepting the thesis that order and discipline must be maintained, if need be by force, in the nation as well as in the party, imply that Italy cannot make her future secure by strength alone but that she must have intelligent direction. (*Continued on page* 480)



The Robot advances

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Courtesy Newark Museum

MENDING SOCKS
By Archibald J. Motley, Jr., Chicago

In Native Colors

"WHICH paintings do you like best?" read the signs in the Newark Museum during its recent exhibition of paintings and watercolors by living American artists. Almost eight hundred people recorded their first and second choices in the month of the show. Thus the Museum, whose purpose is to emphasize American art—fine as well as industrial—not only produced a novel exhibition, having brought together by a no-jury selection sixty-seven artists not well known in the vicinity of New York City, but also furthered its other object of making art personal. The careful deliberation and reconsideration of the visitors before slipping their ballots into the box bore testimony to the place that the Museum has with New Jersey people—it is their institution; they have the same comfortable attitude towards it that they have for a public library.

The Museum staff selected a landscape in lovely tones of the Massachusetts dunes, and a realistic canvas of an outpost village, with Indian blankets bright against the hard white expanse of snow. The popular vote chose a life-like painting of a wrinkled Negress, who, with toothless mouth pursed, scrutinized her mending through dimmed glasses. The interesting point about all the preferred paintings is that their themes are native ones.

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Courtesy Newark Museum

THE RETURN FROM THE DUNES
By Ross Moffett, Provincetown, Mass.

Courtesy Newark Museum

EARLY MASS
By Cameron Booth, Minneapolis

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Wanted—a Word

By ELEANOR ROWLAND WEMBRIDGE

IT has been my duty for some years to dictate an immense amount of manuscript on the subject of young women. They have been all sorts of young women: wanting to help win the war, or to run away; wanting a scholarship, or to steal silk underwear; to elope, or to get divorced; to get a job, or to bob their hair. Nothing feminine is alien to these innumerable folders, now gathering dust in forgotten files. And all this discourse has been hampered by the absence of a simple word, in good and regular standing, to stand for an entity constantly mentioned, but for which the language has not seen fit to supply a generic label.

The entity referred to is the male person on whom, at any particular time, the young woman's attention happens to be fixed. I mean a word equivalent to what is generally understood when a young man refers to his "girl." Let us analyze what he means or he does not mean by this word.

He does not mean that he loves her or that he does not love her; that he means to continue having her as his girl, or that he does not. He does not mean future marriage, or that his relationship is casual, comradely, or sentimental. He means absolutely nothing but the pure abstraction that for the time being she is the female who is to be associated with him by whatever tie it may happen to be. "Girl" is to him the mere word-symbol for the eternal feminine. It is nothing but an algebraic abstraction; hence its immense usefulness. Mickey takes his "girl" to a dog-fight, or the young parson takes his "girl" to a revival. Both of them know what the word "girl" means, because in essence it means nothing in particular.

Contrast this simplicity of speech with that which one must employ in talking of Flossie. She has been out late, for instance—but with whom? We are almost out of our minds trying to express who was with Flossie. His name? Amid many aliases and nicknames we are not certain of it. Her "young man?" That sounds rural to city ears. Her "boy-friend?" That sounds like a popular song, and besides the man is thirty-seven. Shall we merely say her "friend?" That indicates no sex and the whole episode hangs upon sex. Besides, as it turns out, he was not much of a friend. Shall we say her "escort?" That sounds a bit silly as he did not escort her—she met him on the corner, and he did not see her home because he did not want to face the family. If we say merely her "man," that is using the universal word for "husband" in Flossie's circle. Flossie's mother says, "My man he got after Flossie's beau with a shotgun." Shall we copy her and say "beau?" We often do, as a matter of fact, because it is a short word, and everyone knows what it means. But all the girls in the office agree that beaux went out with puffed sleeves. Very well, what came in?

The stenographers feel a deep interest in this, both because the subject matter is intriguing and because it makes a deal of difference in typing to have a short word if one has to use it often. So one of them consulted the dictionary and got "spark" or "gallant" for her pains. No matter what Mr. Webster thought proper in his day, we refuse to incorporate "spark" or "gallant" in Flossie's dictation. A further dictionary suggestion is "fop" or "dandy." Now Flossie's companion could hardly be called a "gentleman," no matter what meaning is attached to that word, and he is far from a "fop" or "dandy." He is usually clad in overalls with no collar, and he is not punctilious about his shaving. So we try another line.

"Lover?" But "lover" is an unwarranted assumption on our part. The word has a sinister connotation when applied to Flossie's male acquaintance. The whole argument is on just this point—is he, or is he not her "lover?" Her mother asserts it. Flossie denies it. We can hardly take it for granted. As for "sweetheart," that suggests soft music and moonlight on a mossy bank. Flossie's "guy" suggests none of these things and, as we stated, she says he is not her sweetheart. A refined visitor once remarked to the writer, relative to a similar episode, "Surely she knew her fiancé's business before they announced their engagement!" But Flossie does not know her "pick-up's" business, nor have they announced their engagement, nor do we know that he is her fiancé. That he is not her husband, the marriage license bureau proves. Further we cannot go.

ANOTHER dubious resort of our dictation is "consort." Consort may mean anything from the legitimate mate of a pious queen to the unregulated companion of an impious "sheba," which suggests that "sheik" sometimes fills the void in oral speech, but it hardly qualifies for our august files. One shy typist from the country says that "steady" is much in favor out her way. But Flossie's man is not conspicuously steady in his habits, his affections, or his gait. Shall we say Flossie and her "fellow?" It has a pleasing alliterative quality in her case, but it is a trifle too quaint for daily use. Shall we say her "hero," her "date," her "cutie," her "male," her "suitor," her "flame," her "soul-mate," her "gent," her "prince-charming?" There are obvious objections to all. They are too specific or they are used, if at all, with a smirk and we cannot smirk continuously as we dictate.

We want a plain word such as Flossie's "sweetie" uses when he speaks of her simply and accurately as his "girl."

They tell us that words cannot be manufactured out of hand. They are like people. To have vitality and substance they must be born. Therefore, if there exists in any English-speaking area penetrated by this article, a group of young women who have so far achieved an abstract attitude in their speech about their companions, that some non-slang word has emerged to denote an attendant male person, a word free from self-conscious personalities, which is not humorous, apologetic, romantic, obscene, rustic, or in any way specific, and if this word could apply equally to Zeke the baggage man and to the Prince of Wales—will they kindly tell us what it is?

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SCISSORS PICTURE BY MARTHA BENSLEY BRUÈRE

XI. THE HERO RIDES UP THE AVENUE

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The Capital of the Men without a Country

By ROGER N. BALDWIN

PARIS means a half-dozen different things to Americans—fashion, sport, art, side-walk café life, Montmartre music-halls, the charm of a ripe old metropolitanism. It means almost anything except what it means to the thousands of political outcasts of Europe today who find in it the only safe haven of refuge in all the world. The once hospitable doors to freedom in America are closed. England is tight shut against all suspicious aliens—and all political refugees are suspicious. Russia is open only to fleeing Communists. Central Europe is industrially too depressed to offer them a chance to make even a meagre living. The little countries are provincial back-waters, unaccustomed to streams of strangers.

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AFRICA SPEAKS

Lamine Senghor of Senegal, one of the leaders of the Negro colonials opposed to French rule

And then France has an atmosphere of toleration, won out of its revolutionary struggles, bred in the marrow of generations of Frenchmen who have seen the persecuted minority of today become the government of tomorrow. Liberty, equality, fraternity, despite all the inroads on them, despite the arrogance of governments, live in the habits of Frenchmen. France is like Paris street traffic. There are no observable rules; it goes whithersoever it listeth (except on the one-way streets); but nobody gets hurt. Complete expression of individuality, and complete social accord. If every Frenchman had enough to keep him from thinking of getting a few francs more, France would be the most socially livable place on earth today. You can do anything, think anything, say anything, be anything in a land which is hospitable to differences, intensely interested in life, rich in expression, cheerful and intimate—and wholly lacking that tension and drive which makes American life restless and conforming.

It is this feeling of being able to live in freedom which has doubtless brought to Paris, and in some degree to all of France, an increasing stream of the refugees from the dictatorships which afflict half of Europe today—from Italy, Spain, Hungary, the Balkans, Russia. There, too, are the headquarters of agitation of the French colonial peoples, where black, brown and yellow men can argue their case for freedom from France as the equals of other French citizens without the slightest fear of racial discrimination. The Chinese Kuomintang makes Paris its European center. The new League against Imperialism, uniting all oppressed colonial peoples with the workers of Europe, picked Paris for its headquarters as the best working-center, though with some misgivings as to the tolerance of French politicians for an agitation that may embarrass foreign relations.

Dig under the surface of life in Paris; pick up on some big newsstand the scores of little papers published daily or weekly as mouthpieces of the colonies of exiles; search out the cafés where they gather; get around to the meetings of protest announced daily in Humanité, the Communist loud-speaker, with the fourth largest newspaper circulation in France, where dailies run up into the millions. Nothing in the life of our many foreign colonies in New York or Chicago touches it for vitality. Our colonies of aliens are with us for work and money. The Paris colonies are there for political agitation, for comradeship in exile, waiting only for the tyrants to be overthrown to go back home. They work at what they can find at meagre French wages in a land that alone of European countries can sustain immigration. Hundreds of thousands of unemployed have drifted into France in these hard years since the war, most of them laborers and farmers from Italy and central Europe, and many of them hostile to the dictatorships which crippled or destroyed—as in Italy—their working-class movements.

But in Paris alone are the active leaders of the republican or working-class refugees. Never in all history have so many of them from so many lands found refuge in one place. They have come with or without passports from as far as Russia and South America (for even there revolutionists and anarchists are exiled) and among the colonials from far Indo China and middle Africa. Anybody can get into France—anybody with the price of a visa. I have never

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heard of a case of refusal of a visa, and I heard of many cases where the authorities let in aliens without passports or with obviously bogus papers when they were convinced they were genuine refugees. Of course it is illegal, but government officials are as elsewhere often above the law. Administratively they are the law. One of our U. S. secretaries of Labor once said to me, "I don't much care what kind of an immigration law Congress passes as long as I can make the rules and appoint the inspectors." In France the officials along the Italian border are hostile to the Mussolini dictatorship and friendly to its opponents. Most of the refugees have either old passports or none. It is impossible to get them from the Italian government and they usually leave in a hurry. I heard of men who tramped out of Italy over Alpine passes last winter, one of them arriving in Switzerland with both feet frozen. They land in Corsica in small fishing boats from Italy, of course without passports, and no questions are raised.

Yet the French government cannot tolerate open anti-Fascist conspiracies on its soil, and it acts against these men it has freely admitted when the Italian government protests. It first warns them, and then may expel them—though not back to Italy At one anti-Fascist mass meeting in Paris this winter, the Italian anti-Fascists were forbidden by word from the Minister of the Interior to speak at all, and the program had to be changed at the last minute to include only Frenchmen. Ex-Premier Francesco Nitti, the most widely known of all the anti-Fascists in Paris, has to tread a cautious path. He was recently called to account for giving an interview to a Jugo-Slavian newspaper on Mussolini's Balkan policy. Even Frenchmen are not immune. The fighting Communist editor of Humanité, Vaillant-Couturier, and one of his staff were convicted a few months ago for an editorial approving the last attempt on Mussolini's life, and sentenced to six months in prison, a prosecution directly instigated by the Italian government. In accordance with the delightful French custom of making such political gestures without really meaning any harm to the victims, these gentlemen are not escorted to jail. They are quite free, and will continue to be until some crisis arises in which it will be convenient to put the sentences into effect. Otherwise they will be forgotten. Practically all the Communist leaders in France are under sentence for some political offence, and all of them are out of jail. Some I asked about it could hardly remember what they were sentenced for or for how long.

Comité pour l'Amnistie en Pologne
Présidente : Mme SÉVERINE

Une VAGUE FORMIDABLE de TERREUR
EST DÉCLANCHÉE EN POLOGNE

Cinq Députés arrêtés sans consentement du Parlement
Plus de 500 arrestations opérées en 48 heures

Cinq députés sont emprisonnés par le gouvernement fasciste en Pologne, malgré l'article 31 de la Constitution qui garantit leur immunité.

Contre le Fascisme insolent en Pologne !
l'oppression des minorités nationales !

Pour l'AMNISTIE INTÉGRALE de plus de 6.000 Prisonniers politiques polonais !

VENEZ TOUS MANIFESTER AU

GRAND MEETING

MERCREDI 16 FÉVRIER, à 20 h. 30, à la Salle des Fêtes du Grand-Orient

Sous la Présidence de Ferdinand BUISSON, Président honoraire de la Ligue des Droits de l'Homme

ORATEURS :

A. Bayet J. Moszkowski B. Lecache
Ziromski G. Péri Cadeau

Comité de Défense des Victimes de la Terreur Blanche dans les Balkans
Président : Henri BARBUSSE

Pour l'Amnistie
EN BULGARIE !

Liberté aux 2.000 Prisonniers de M. Liaptchef !

Les travailleurs manuels et intellectuels de France ont, à plusieurs reprises, porté secours au malheureux peuple bulgare écrasé, depuis 1923, sous la Terreur Blanche la plus atroce de toutes.

Le moment est venu d'agir d'une façon décisive !

Le gouvernement fasciste de M. LIAPTCHEF, qui a ajouté plusieurs milliers de victimes à celles que fauche le bourreau TSANKOF, est ébranlé !

LES ÉLECTIONS LÉGISLATIVES APPROCHENT !

L'opposition ouvrière, paysanne, bourgeoise, de gauche et de droite, se dresse contre le régime qui a fait 25.000 Bulgares.

D'une seule voix, elle réclame l'AMNISTIE GÉNÉRALE !

Travailleurs de Paris, aidez-la ! Aidez le peuple bulgare à secouer ses chaînes !

VENEZ TOUS AU

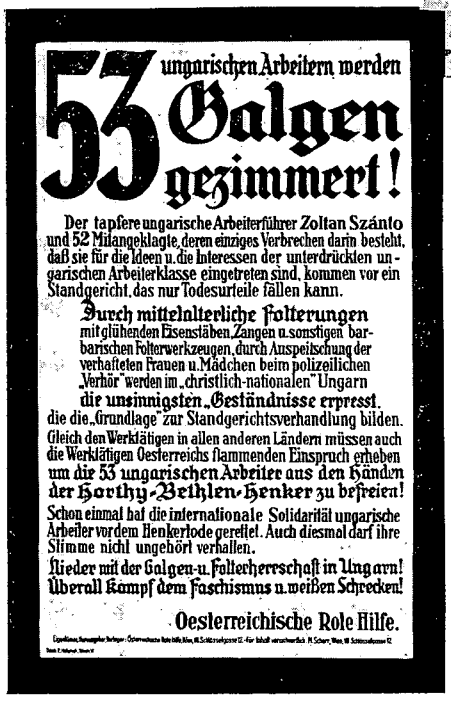
GRAND MEETING Lundi 28 Février
Salle des Sociétés Savantes, 8, rue Danton
A 20 H. 30

Sous la Présidence de Mme DE SAINT-PRIX
Assistée de Marcel WILLARD, Secrétaire du Comité

ORATEURS :

F. BRUNET PAUL-LOUIS Gabriel PÉRI
BRACKE CAZALS Daniel RENOULT

Participation aux frais : UN fr.


53 ungarischen Arbeitern werden Galgen gezimmert!

Der tapfere ungarische Arbeiterführer Zoltan Szánto und 52 Mitangeklagte, deren einziges Verbrechen darin besteht, daß sie für die Ideen u. die Interessen der unterdrückten ungarischen Arbeiterklasse eingetreten sind, kommen vor ein Standgericht, das nur Todesurteile fällen kann.

Durch mittelalterliche Folterungen mit glühenden Eisenstäben, Zangen u. sonstigen barbarischen Folterwerkzeugen, durch Anspeitschung der verhafteten Frauen u. Mädchen beim polizeilichen „Verhör" werden im „christlich-nationalen" Ungarn die unsinnigsten „Geständnisse erpresst, die die „Grundlage" zur Standgerichtsverhandlung bilden.

Gleich den Werktätigen in allen anderen Ländern müssen auch die Werktätigen Oesterreichs flammenden Einspruch erheben um die 53 ungarischen Arbeiter aus den Händen der Horthy-Bethlen-Henker zu befreien!

Schon einmal hat die internationale Solidarität ungarische Arbeiter vor dem Henkerbeil gerettet. Auch diesmal darf ihre Stimme nicht ungehört verhallen.

Nieder mit der Galgen- u. Folterherrschaft in Ungarn!
Überall Kampf dem Faschismus u. weißen Schrecken!

Oesterreichische Rote Hilfe.

Never were so many political prisoners held solely for opinions or propaganda as today

I speak particularly of the anti-Fascists in Paris because they are the most numerous, the most diverse and the most active colony of exiles, and they put the French government to the severest test. Nobody knows how numerous they are, but they run up into the thousands. The next largest group is doubtless the Czarist Russians, who have to be mentioned as political exiles, though they are too ludicrous a picture of futility, with their "reigning Czar" and their mock court, to arouse sympathy in any quarter with a concern for humanity. Paris is the only "country" they have left, and is all they are likely to get. At the other extreme among the Russians are little groups of anarchists, socialists and democrats also opposed to the Bolshevik dictatorship but for reasons that look to the future instead of the past. They have only ideas and principles at stake, not personal privileges. Among them are anarchists deported from the United States in the heyday of the anti-red campaign, and sent to Russia from which in turn they were deported. The world almost anywhere is a tough place for anarchists, but Paris is least tough. And there is work at least and a chance to live in peace, if they abstain from agitation. Like all the other exiles the anarchists from any country can carry on quiet propaganda by mail and their own press, but they risk deportation if they mix in French affairs or arouse the protest of foreign governments.

On the whole all the exiles are less free in Paris today than refugees were in

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Comité de Défense des Victimes du Fascisme & de la Terreur Blanche

65, RUE DU FAUBOURG-MONTMARTRE, 65

Bas les mains devant

LA JEUNE CHINE !

Le peuple de l'immense Chine a été opprimé pendant des siècles.

Aujourd'hui, il tente de secouer le joug. Depuis deux ans, la VAILLANTE ARMÉE du SUD, composée des disciples de Sun-Yat-Sen, lutte contre l'armée du Nord au service de l'impérialisme mondial.

Les autorités de Pékin, les Etats européens, l'Amérique et le Japon veulent étouffer dans le sang ce mouvement de libération.

Le 7 Septembre, à Shanghaï, lors de l'anniversaire de la révolte des Boxers, les troupes anglaises et françaises tirèrent sur une population paisible. A Nankhing 600 personnes accusées de relations avec le gouvernement de Canton ont été exécutées. Et ce ne sont que des cas isolés.

Actuellement, une intervention armée se prépare pour entraver la volonté nationale et de classe de nos frères d'Asie.

Le peuple français s'opposera à toute entente avec les chefs traîtres du Nord. LE DROIT DES PEUPLES A DISPOSER D'EUX-MÊMES se traduira, pour les

Travailleurs Manuels et Intellectuels

par le mot d'ordre

BAS LES MAINS DEVANT LA JEUNE CHINE !

Pour une protestation puissante, assistez tous au

GRAND MEETING

Mercredi 26 Janvier, à 20 h. 30 précises, à la Grande Salle BULLIER, 31, Avenue de l'Observatoire

Sous la Présidence du Citoyen L. VOILIN, Sénateur

ORATEURS :

Albert BAYET Henry TORRES LABATUT

FOURNIER LI MONMOUSSEAU

Marcel CACHIN SIA-TING

Participation aux frais : UN franc.

Paris is the refuge for those victims of tyrannies who escape from their countries. Henri Barbusse is president of the Defense Committee for Victims of Fascism and of the White Terror

Comité de Défense des Victimes du Fascisme et de la Terreur Blanche

PRÉSIDENT : Henri BARBUSSE

MUSSOLINI

ET SA "JUSTICE"

Le fascisme italien s'aggrave tous les jours et va de crimes en crimes.

La magistrature, pourtant bien disposée vis-à-vis du fascisme n'offrait plus une garantie suffisante. Le gouvernement fasciste a donc créé des tribunaux exceptionnels, composés de seuls juges fascistes et dépassant en iniquité les Conseils de Guerre.

Des Juges ?.. NON : des Bourreaux !

Ces tribunaux exceptionnels vont fonctionner !

Dans quelques jours on commence par les soi-disant procès de plus de 50 ex-députés journalistes et ouvriers, coupables de n'avoir pas fléchi devant les fascistes pillards et assassins. Ils comparaîtront devant ces bourreaux déguisés en juges, devant ces complices des meurtriers de MATTEOTTI, de DON MINZONI, de LAVAGNINI et d'autres innombrables victimes du fascisme.

EN ITALIE, ON DÉPORTE EN MASSE !

Sous le signe de la hache et du faisceau, l'élite intellectuelle et ouvrière, sans distinction d'opinion, est bannie et reléguée dans des îles inhospitalières ou la mort civile l'attend. Les lieux de déportation sont plus affreux que les camps de concentration des prisonniers de guerre.

Les prisons regorgent de détenus politiques de toutes catégories sociales.

En Italie le fascisme a fait reculer tout progrès humain. La liberté est supprimée. Exprimer sa pensée est considéré comme un crime. POUR UN MOT, ON BAT; POUR UN GESTE, ON TUE.

Le Peuple Italien appelle au secours !

Le peuple de Paris répondra en assistant en masse au

GRAND MEETING ANTIFASCISTE

MERCREDI 23 FEVRIER, à 20 h. 30, salle BULLIER, 33, av. de l'Observatoire

Romain ROLLAND — Henri BARBUSSE — A. EINSTEIN

Professeur LANGEVIN, Vice-Président de la Ligue des Droits de l'Homme

ORATEURS :

Lucien VOILIN Marc SANGNIER Paul LOUIS

Guido MIGLIOLI Giuseppe DI VITTORIO

Antonio COËN Paul BAZIN VAILLANT-COUTURIER

Participation aux frais : UN franc.

the United States in the years when we were a haven for the oppressed, and our government paid no attention to objections by the autocratic governments which had persecuted them. All governments are more sensitive today, because closer bound politically and economically. There is no land of freedom in the old sense. France—which means chiefly Paris—is only the least unfree.

Outside these large Italian and Russian groups, the other refugee colonies are comparatively small. Some few thousands of Hungarians, both Republicans and Communists, conspicuous among them Count Michael Karolyi, president of the short-lived republic; some thousand or so Bulgarians who escaped the bloodiest reign of terror in Europe since the war; some hundreds of Spanish intellectuals, including Ibanez and Unamuno, though most of the thousands of Spanish refugees are in the south of France near the border, where they find a chance to labor on the farms; and scattered little groups of scores only from Roumania, Poland, Greece, Jugo-Slavia, the little troubled countries dominated by the high politics of England and France. Unique in all the world is the group of Georgians associated with the refugee government of that often-conquered land, now held by force by the Soviet government, which drove out the Socialist officials. They fled to Paris taking enough money with them to set up an office for a government without anybody to govern, but duly recognized by France. They are men without a country, but not without a government. They have a president, and an ambassador who goes to diplomatic receptions right along with the Soviet Ambassador representing his conquerors. Russia cannot protest because Georgia was recognized as an independent republic before Russia seized it, and after Russia had recognized that independence herself. The Georgians carry on an active propaganda against the Russian occupation without any fear of interference, for they have diplomatic immunity—and nobody would pay much attention to Russian protests anyhow.

How many there are of all these strays from all over the torn and autocratic Europe of today nobody knows, but anyone can guess. I guess 40,000 to 50,000 in Paris alone, and thousands more in France. But I will not venture to separate, among those outside Paris, the purely political refugees from those who came to find work, far more numerous. The important point is not the figures but the fact that never before in all European history were so many from so many different tyrannies concentrated in one spot, or indeed living even in many spots in Europe as outcasts from their homes. In the long stream of immigrants who came to America for religious and political freedom from the 17th century on, we could perhaps count a greater total at some particular time, notably after the revolutions of 1848. But I doubt that even so were there ever with us so many as there are now in Paris liable to imprisonment or execution in their home countries. Never were there so many political prisoners held solely for opinions or propaganda as there are all over the world today. True, they used to shoot them instead of locking them up, and imprisonment may be so regarded as a civilized advance. But in some countries, shooting, murder and torture have been almost as popular as in the middle ages, since the war and the fear of revolution brought on the epidemic of dictatorship. Thousands of murders by governments or Fascists have marked these years in Germany, Hungary, Italy, Bulgaria, Roumania, Greece and Turkey. These stand out in Europe with the bloodiest records. I except Russia from that list to make plain the point, that despite the picture of wholesale murder painted by propagandists, the total of executions is doubtless far less than in these lands afflicted by Fascism. In Russia they have been almost wholly official executions, following some sort of proceeding, shocking as many of them have been. In these Fascist lands they have

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been the officially-directed secret murders of defenceless opponents whom the government dared not try in a court.

Paris is full of the survivors of these régimes, men who fled for their lives; wives and children of men murdered who feared to stay; leaders of republican, socialist, Communist, agrarian and workers movements, representing the aspirations of the common people against the privileged classes of feudal land owners, military cliques, industrialists and bankers. While the Communist movement is the primary object of attack in Europe today as it is all over the world, the plain fact is that most of the refugees are not Communists, but members of quite "respectable" democratic movements, which would have the sympathy of any old-time American. The sympathies of new-time Americans seem to be with Fascism against democracy, as our own democracy has been squeezed out of us under high-pressure industrialism.

These men and women in Paris are conspicuously the middle-class intellectuals who were well enough known to be marked for attention. In the case of Italy and Spain alone the trade union movement was subjected to such persecution that their leaders fled to France. Under all other dictatorship the unions are allowed to operate, though with much interference.

The common crime of most of these intellectuals has been their championship of the workers or the peasants, even where they did not themselves lead in the organizations. But they expressed effectively those democratic forces opposed by the exploiters of the workers and peasants, and so were often treated as even greater enemies than the leaders of the movements themselves. Ex-premier Nitti of Italy, for example, could not by the widest stretch of imagination be classified as a revolutionist, a Bolshevik. Nor has he ever led the workers or peasants. But he has championed the democratic rights of all of them as against the tyranny of Fascism, which moves him into the radical camp. It is all a matter of relativity anyhow, this radicalism. The pale pinks of a few years ago look like bright reds today in the light of a reaction so far to the right. Though they never fought with labor, they are dealt with the same as workers in a struggle primarily between classes.

Take a look at these middle-class exiles at a Sunday afternoon reception of Mme. Menard Dorian's in her big house out near the park. For years this militant old lady of deep Republican convictions, secretary of the International League for the Rights of Man, has kept open house for the outcasts of all lands, provided they live by the faith of the French Revolution. No monarchist exiles find welcome there, and only Communists of very exceptional quality. The big room is crowded with a lively assembly, who find it the only social center for sharing their common misfortune and their common protest. Here is the tall lean figure of Count Karolyi among a group of Hungarians, one of them a former minister in his government, now a teacher in Paris. Over in the corner is a little knot of Bulgarians, including the charming young daughter of the murdered premier Stamboulisky. She is now a student, married to a Bulgarian exiled equally with her. The anti-Fascists gather around ex-premier Nitti, a beaming, jolly little man, who speaks even of Mussolini with a twinkle in his eye. French professors active in the League for the Rights of Man, mix with these visitors to France whose cause the French League vigorously champions. Now and then an American breaks into the Sunday afternoon gathering, though Mme. Menard Dorian told me she had never found one who knew whether or no the United States had any organized work for civil rights similar to the Leagues for the Rights of Man now existing in eighteen countries—eighteen at least on paper. Some of them can exist in Paris alone in fact. I was able to assure her that unhappily since the war we had been obliged to make the same fight in even more militant fashion. Middle-class movements in the United States are more militant than similar movements abroad, where the fight has gone out of them into labor. They are too academic, too timid, too afraid of antagonizing governments. But they have a great chance to function now where no other class gets real attention in a fight against the Fascism and dictatorship. It's a chance they won't take. As a practical matter they show life only where they are in direct contact with workers' movements.

Whether or not one's viewpoint runs to labor and the left, it is the plain fact of social dynamics that on vital issues organized labor alone can make things move in new directions in the Europe of today. And that observation moves the Paris scene from the little offices and papers and gatherings of these refugees out into the throb and noise of the Paris workers' movement, and conspicuously as its most vital part, the Communist Party. It is that movement that puts the punch into the protests coming out of Paris week after week as they come out of no other place on earth; protests that voice middle-class intellectual ideas combined with those of the workers expressed at great mass demonstrations of from three to six thousand people. I have never seen mass meetings on issues that did not immediately concern the audience with such fire and enthusiasm as these Parisian workers show in demonstrating for such varied causes as "hands off China," amnesty in Poland and Bulgaria, the fight against the "White Terror in the Balkans," freedom for Sacco and Vanzetti, the struggle against Fascism, liberty for the

From the Arbeiter-Zeitung, Vienna.

Emblem of Fascism

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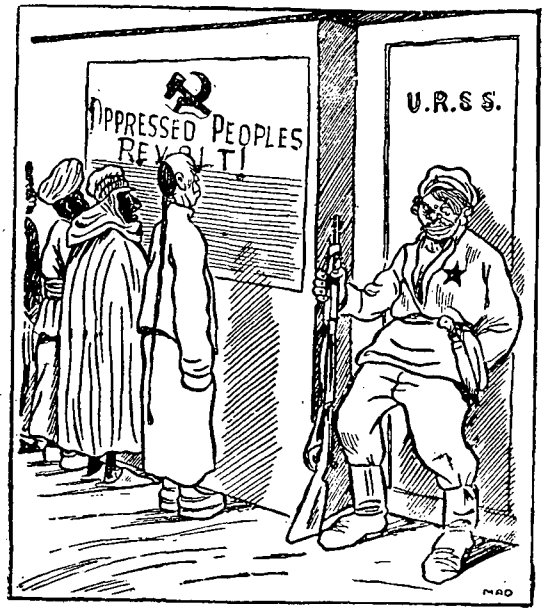


Communist propaganda: "Fortunately the Russian masses cannot read."
From Le Rire, Paris

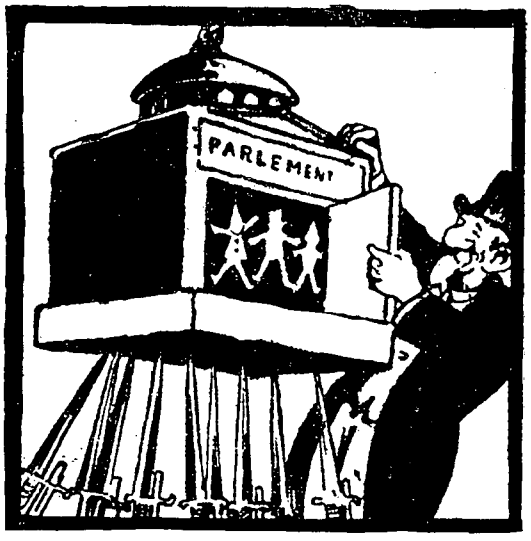
oppressed colonial peoples. Almost any issue of human appeal will bring out a crowd to some great sports hall, ready to voice an apparently inexhaustible indignation. Most of them are Communists, and therefore thoroughly international in feeling. They give you the impression of vigorous youth genuinely aroused to all the suffering of their fellow-workers in any corner of the earth. Nowhere else in Europe do such mass demonstrations so steadily take place, nor with such spirit. In Berlin, Vienna and London there are occasional great meetings on international issues, as there are in New York and Chicago under the world program of Communist activity, but in Paris they reflect a spirit that was strong before Communism organized it. Not only Communist leaders speak at these meetings, but distinguished Frenchmen identified with the League for the Rights of Man and with the world of letters. Far more than with us, men of intellectual distinction lend their names and voices to causes that would be regarded in America as too disreputable for any but the parlor reds to touch. Anatole France, Romain Rolland, Henri Barbusse and others less known abroad have always lent their influence to these workers' international protests regardless of what auspices they go under. The anarchists agitating for freedom for Sacco and Vanzetti enlist them as well as the Communists.

My own philosophy is not Communist, and I am not therefore a prejudiced witness in testifying that the only really vital progressive force today in European political and industrial struggle is the Communist movement. So far as concerns these exiles, prisoners and refugees, it is the only force rendering effective help by organizing propaganda and raising money for relief. The International Red Aid with headquarters in Moscow is the greatest relief agency that ever operated for defense and relief of the victims of political persecution, raising in its various branches all over the world over two million dollars a year. In Russia, poor as it is, it raises between a third and a half million in individual memberships in small amounts, and from people whose only interest is their international class feeling for the persecuted workers and peasants of other lands. The International Red Aid does not recognize nor aid political prisoners and exiles in Russia. It is part of a class movement for "emancipation of the workers" in capitalist countries. I have talked with their secretaries in half a dozen countries, and examined their work. Nowhere in the United States do I remember seeing better organization, finer spirit or more devoted labor in social work under any auspices. Comradeship in a cause breeds that spirit, and youthful crusading vigor makes for effective handling of it.

But the Communist brethren do not find it possible under party auspices alone to reach a wide enough public. When they tackle jobs with more than a class or party appeal, they cover up their guidance with a respectable front of non-partisan professors, writers, lawyers and publicists. Two such agencies in Paris formed through the inspiration of Henri Barbusse, who is a Communist Party member in name though in action primarily a man of letters and wide humanitarian feeling, carry on a vigorous propaganda, one against Fascism all over Europe and the other against the "White Terror in the Balkans." Barbusse's position in the literary world gives them weight and enlists the allegiance of distinguished Frenchmen of all parties, though the work is done by Communists who put into it the pep of great turn-outs at meetings and the publicity of a fervid press. They furnish the emotional background which makes life tolerable for the colonies of exiles in Paris, neutralizes their loneliness, and compensates for the hardships of meagre living and restricted activity. Without that which the French Communist movement expresses, Paris would not be the world capital of refuge.

It is not a spirit inherent in Communism. It is the old revolutionary spirit of Paris expressed in successive movements for over a hundred years that today lives in Communism.

Back of the refugee colonies in Paris are homelands in which thousands suffer who cannot get there—in the peasant and workers movements broken and harried under the dictatorships, in the democratic political parties no longer able to function legally, or if legal, operating under constant surveillance, and in the religious and racial minorities of a Central Europe where majority races and faiths ride hard in the saddle of their new nationalism. I have been in that hinterland of the people who have fled to Paris. All over



Story without words: Opening of the Roumanian parliament.
From Taranismul, Bukarest

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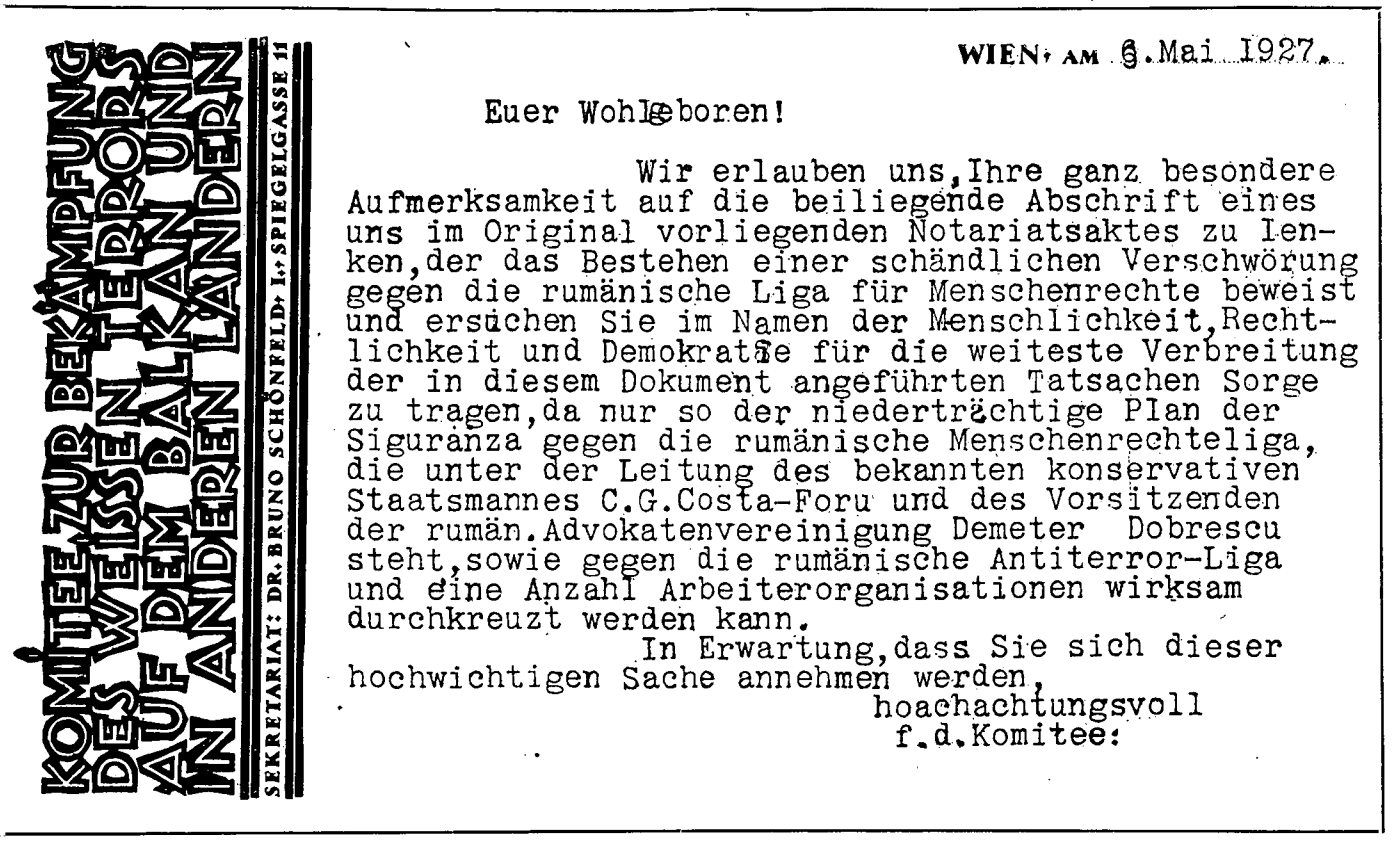
it you get the impression of thousands living in silence as the price of living at all.

Take as an index of it the condition of the racial minorities—twenty million of them—living outside the boundaries of countries to which they racially belong, thanks to the parcellings out of the victors in the war. All Central Europe and the Balkans are a complicated pattern of displaced peoples, chafing under the rule of majority races yokes. No real internationalism can grow out of it until the hunger for national freedom is satisfied.

The center of activity for this section of the persecuted of Europe is not Paris but Vienna. It is a new center, grown up since the war in the freedom from repression of any sort that marks life in Austria following its revolutionary uprootings and its economic collapse. Vienna is today only second to Paris, though a distant second, as a place


KOMITEE ZUR BEKÄMPFUNG
DES WEISSEN TERRORS
AUF DEM BALKAN UND
IN ANDEREN LÄNDERN
SEKRETARIAT: DR. BRUNO SCHÖNFELD, I., SPIEGELGASSE 11
WIEN, AM 6. Mai 1927.
Euer Wohlgeboren!
Wir erlauben uns, Ihre ganz besondere Aufmerksamkeit auf die beiliegende Abschrift eines uns im Original vorliegenden Notariatsaktes zu lenken, der das Bestehen einer schändlichen Verschwörung gegen die rumänische Liga für Menschenrechte beweist und ersuchen Sie im Namen der Menschlichkeit, Rechtlichkeit und Demokratie für die weiteste Verbreitung der in diesem Dokument angeführten Tatsachen Sorge zu tragen, da nur so der niederträchtige Plan der Siguranza gegen die rumänische Menschenrechteliga, die unter der Leitung des bekannten konservativen Staatsmannes C.G. Costa-Foru und des Vorsitzenden der rumän. Advokatenvereinigung Demeter Dobrescu steht, sowie gegen die rumänische Antiterror-Liga und eine Anzahl Arbeiterorganisationen wirksam durchkreuzt werden kann.
In Erwartung, dass Sie sich dieser hochwichtigen Sache annehmen werden,
hoachachtungsvoll
f. d. Komitee:

Vienna is today second only to Paris as a refuge for Balkan exiles

which restrict in one way or another the free expression of their cultures, their schools, their languages and religion. Only a few can afford to leave for the freedom of a great center like Paris, or for the country of their racial origin.

Worse than their condition is that of the "stateless" people in Central Europe, utterly without a country or with the chance of getting one under the present laws. They number at least half a million. They got in that fix through the expiration of time limits for naturalization provided in the peace treaties creating the new states, and by the difficulty of proving nationality in many places where birth certificates never existed. They cannot get passports, move away to find jobs or comradeship among their own people, or exercise the rights of citizens where they live. They are not represented in Paris, but they typify the homelessness of the Paris colonies. They are, in a quiet, hopeless sort of way, as truly prisoners as the victims of political persecution in prison, or the Paris refugees.

If frontiers were down, if migration were free, if work were available, a huge movement would take place all over Europe like the great streams of early days—for escape to friendlier lands, for union with kin. You feel today how tightly they are held, how gladly they would burst the artificial bonds of frontiers to win a freer living. Nationalism is more intense than ever, especially under majority

of refuge and activity for exiles from Balkan dictatorships, and in behalf of these racial and religious minorities. There is no third center, unless one adds Russia, the refuge of Communists fleeing from almost anywhere, even a few from the United States. Berlin is claimed as a freer center than Paris, and it appears to be for the Oriental students who flock there in large numbers, carrying on in their spare time anti-imperialist agitation with the Communists. But the social atmosphere is inhospitable; the cosmopolitanism of Paris is lacking, and refugees don't accept simply a formal freedom. They'd rather risk the French police for the French spirit.

OF far less importance in numbers and activity in Paris than these refugees from other parts of Europe, are the groups of black, brown and yellow French colonials who agitate there for freedom of the colonies from French rule, just as our Filipino independence advocates agitate in the United States. But with the difference that in France they may agitate freely what it is illegal to advocate in the colonies themselves. Many of them are outlawed in the colonies, but comparatively free in France. The practical sense of French politicians allows them to agitate wherever it will do no good. They plug away at it in Paris in alliance with the left wing of the League for the Rights of

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Man and with the Communist Party. Even the Syrians persecuted under the French mandate for their nationalist activities maintain a bureau in Paris for protest and propaganda. These colonials have some effect on French opinion, but little back home, where they are not allowed to translate into their own languages and where natives do not read French. One Arabian enthusiast is now serving two years in a Syrian prison for merely translating a speech freely reported in the French press. Dozens are locked up in the colonial prisons of north Africa and Indo-China for nationalist activities. One of them, whose record I saw, is serving time merely for a public statement that Marcel Cachin, Communist deputy, is an intelligent man. But I remember the Connecticut courts jailed an alien a few years ago for a statement in private conversation that "Lenin was the most brainiest man in the world." Even bad English hardly deserves that much!

Proletarier in Todesgefahr!

Die zwei aufrechten Kämpfer

Sacco und Vanzetti

sollen diese Woche laut Beschluß des amerikanischen Gerichtes in Massachusets durch den elektrischen Stuhl gemordet werden, trotzdem daß ihre Unschuld erwiesen ist.

53 ungarische Arbeiter will man durch das Standgericht der Horthy-Bethlen-Henker dem Galgen überliefern.

Proletarier! Rettet eure Brüder aus den Händen der weißen Bestie!

Kommt alle zu dem am Donnerstag, den 14. April 1927, um 7 Uhr abends, beim Stalehner, XVII, Jörgerstraße 22 stattfindenden

Protestmeeting

Oesterr. Rote Hilfe.

Verleger und für den Inhalt verantwortlich: Malke Schorr, VIII. Schlösselgasse 12. — Druck Melantrich A. G. IX. Pramergasse 6.

Austria is the new center for the "stateless" people

The native movements of protest against colonial exploitation are growing in all the French colonies, and find their reflex in Paris in an increasing number of little papers, a large pamphlet literature, public meetings arranged both by Communists and respectable middle-class intellectuals, and by a nervous vigilance on the part of the French colonial office. The native agitators in Paris number only a few hundred, but even those few can make a lot of propaganda. Just a handful of Filipinos at Washington manage to reflect their home movement pretty vigorously. In Paris such agitation is as much more active as French political life is more active than ours. Their chief support is the Communist Party, committed to absolute and immediate independence of all colonies—a romantic outlook which pleases the natives anyway. But the price of that alliance is the same surveillance and interference by the government as is visited on French Communists. Blacks are treated as equals in France, equally well and badly. But not in the colonies. One rangy black Negro from Senegal, who painted in sharp colors the attitude of the natives, said to me, "They don't sell us nowadays individually. They trade in us wholesale. Our peoples are passed from one country to another, as we were after the War, without consulting us. They say slavery has been abolished. It has only been modernized."

These black and brown and yellow men (yellow from Indo-China) have leagued themselves together in an Intercolonial Union to fight French domination and persecution, aided occasionally by the native delegates in the French parliament and by prominent Frenchmen outside. It is a hard, uphill job, and the best they are getting is the correction of individual and flagrant injustices, and those not often. But they are forcing the whole colonial issue on the French as it has never been forced before.

Curiously enough "our own" little Haiti is allied with them. Her "official" representative sits in the Intercolonial Union, and conducts from sympathetic vantage points a propaganda which has been heard even on our shores. The Haitian colony in Paris has always been considerable, especially the students, and they arouse an easy sympathy among the French, who regard them as their own people—and victims of American finance imperialism which the French hate on their own account as well. Haitians escaping the rule of our Marines go to Paris just like the refugees from the dictatorships of Europe.

MY story has hit only the high spots of this little world of refuge. It would take close study to ferret out all the groups, to gauge their activity, to appraise their effect. Nobody knows them all. It is a shifting scene spread out for us here in Paris and its actors are changing from week to week.

But the sum total of it all is to keep alive and active those movements toward freedom that are either wholly impossible in home countries or so throttled as to be voiceless. Not a single activity of the many-sided fight for freedom or against tyranny is missing, from anti-feudalism to pro-Communism. And enough French men and women are hospitable

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to each of them to make life tolerable and activity possible. I touched them all without feeling myself a partisan of any group against another, whatever their differences of philosophy or class origin, for they all merged into a spirit of revolt and of affirmation greater than any program:—revolt against the little privileged classes who hold such vast powers by violence today in a world that still lives at bottom by violence; affirmation of a faith that shall destroy them, a faith in the people expressed either in old democratic formulas or in modern class struggle.

ABOVE their conflict of ideas as to how emancipation shall be won, stands clear a force of character that makes them one. From left wing to right, of whatever race, they gave me the glow you get from seeing disinterested devotion to a cause, the faith that simply will not be shaken by defeat of everything they have striven for, the good cheer that blesses those who know that fighting, not winning, is all life is likely to give them.

The world they work to build is far off. They are no reformers of minor ills. They strike deep at the roots of ancient major evils which will stand many years between us and the dreams of freedom and equality. If Paris has only saved them for what they are themselves in character and influence, she has merited well of those who build for the future.

But I suspect that the conflicts of the world of today will not leave them there to their deaths, in comparative futility. Their battle is behind—and lost; it is before—and to be fought again. Whether they see achieved the goals for which they fight—national freedom, political liberty, workers' control in industry, colonial independence—these things will one day be won. Even in their city of refuge they are contributing to the winning.

"Nothing to Lose but Chains"

The cover of the February issue of a bulletin on Fascism issued by Barbusse's Defense Committee. The drawing is by Robert Minor

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Judge Lindsey Out but Not Down

JUST twenty years ago this month, Charities and Commons, forerunner of The Survey, published an editorial by Judge Ben B. Lindsey of Denver defending the constitutionality of the juvenile court of that city about to be set up under a law which he himself had drafted. Eight preceding years of frank and resolute public service in Denver had made for the young judge many strong friends and also strong enemies. In these past twenty years there is hardly a volume of The Survey that has not carried the story of Judge Lindsey's achievements despite bitter political opposition.

The more pity that after nearly thirty years of continuous service in the courts of Denver, Judge Lindsey is out of office. The successive rounds of his three-year fight with the Ku Klux Klan (see The Survey, June 1, 1925; November 1, 1925; January 15, 1926; February 15, 1927) recently ended in defeat when the United States Supreme Court found it impossible to take jurisdiction in an appeal from the decision of the Supreme Court of Colorado. The only possibility of his continuance in office was by appointment of the county commissioners. But on July 1, while Commissioner Clem Collins was out of town, Commissioners Charles D. Vail and Thomas F. Dolan held a meeting at which Commissioner Dolan moved to appoint Robert W. Steele as judge of the Juvenile Court and explained his qualifications, while Commissioner Dolan seconded the motion and the two men elected Mr. Steele "unanimously." According to statements attributed to them by the newspapers, nine other applications for the office—among them Judge Lindsey's—were not even considered.

Thus ironically is ended for the time being the effort of Denver's best known citizen to carry on the public work which he himself originated and for which his city is known internationally. The Juvenile Court of Denver was not the first of its kind, though it greatly extended the scope of some of the earlier separate courts, such as those of Salt Lake City and Chicago, through its power to try not only children themselves but any case in which the protection of children was involved. Because of the energy, the originality, and the fearlessness of its judge, however, it is the work in Denver which has done most to write "juvenile court" into public understanding as a place to which children go not to be judged but to be understood and helped. Judge Lindsey's basic demand that children be protected from the impersonal mechanics of the law and the curiosity of the public expresses the philosophy of the new and constructive penology, which asks not that the crime be punished, but that the offender be treated.

From the point of view of Denver the tragedy of the Juvenile Court comprises even more than the resignation of Judge Lindsey. When the decision of the Supreme Court became known every officer and most of the members of the secretarial staff of Judge Lindsey's court joined in a spontaneous letter of "unreserved admiration" of his work and his position, signed by eighteen of a group of twenty-one.

. . . But far greater even than his incomparable achievements in giving Colorado the leading place it has in child welfare legislation and procedure is, we feel, his tireless and uncompromising fight against the causes of economic and social injustice. . . . . Those of us who have had the exceptional privilege of daily contact with him in his work and in his struggles to help create a juster and finer community wish to acknowledge our debt to him for the clear vision he has ever held before us of what human relations and human lives might mean. With such national and international recognition of his work as he has long received our expression of opinion can mean but little—save this: So strongly do we feel these things that should he be prevented from continuing the service he has given these past twenty-seven years our own relation with the work he has created would instantly cease with his going.

When the letter was read at a dinner given to Judge Lindsey on June 13, he urged the staff to remain if an opportunity was given. Yet the day after Judge Steele took office the resignations of fourteen officers and other members of the court were placed on his desk and the fifteenth was given him later. A special meeting of the Denver Chapter of the American Association of Social Workers was called to discuss their action, at which a number of persons expressed the opinion that it was the first duty of social workers to stay by the job, come what may. A letter explaining the position of the group was made public by Josephine Roche, who had resigned as referee and clerk of the Juvenile Court, quoting Judge Steele's expressed determination to act "in the capacity of a judge and not that of a social psychologist or reformer," his intention to make the court "as nearly like other courts of record in the state as is possible under the law," and his opinion that cases involving an issue in law "should be handled in the manner customary in law rather than by private consultation with the judge." Miss Roche declared:

> This announced policy can be characterized only as a repudiation of the ideals and a wiping out of the foundation of juvenile court work. The effect is that there is no juvenile court in the sense we have known it. We refuse to go back because we would be but lending ourselves to an effort to create an impression that juvenile court work is still going on when, in fact, it was destroyed by Judge Steele's statement on the date of his induction into office. And no one, so much as we, can realize the extent of the tragedy to innumerable men, women and children who desperately need the human service which the court has heretofore rendered and who are being made the sacrifice in the situation by the industrial and political interests which have long been bitterly determined to punish Judge Lindsey for his fight for economic justice.

While public statements and private letters are pouring in to express sympathy with Judge Lindsey's position and hope that some way can be found to enable the city again to gain by his services, another direct appreciation came in the little stream of parents and children who find the way to his house and insist that he talk with them in a parlor if not in a courtroom. Among those who came the first day of his absence from the court were two boys, accompanied by their mother, who asked to "consult the judge."

"But I'm no longer judge," he pointed out.

"Ah, gwan,!" declared the delinquent admirer, "you're always judge."

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Letters & Life

In which books, plays and people are discussed

Edited by LEON WHIPPLE

Whither India?

MOTHER INDIA, *by Katherine Mayo. Harcourt, Brace & Co. 440 pp. Price $3.75 postpaid of The Survey.*

FEW books deserve the blurb "challenging." They are no more challenging than a sponge. Miss Mayo's Mother India is challenging, prickly with facts and neglected angles of approach as a fretful porpentine. It forms a social worker's approach and takes the individual Indian as a problem in biology and psychology, and so happily removes itself from the field of romance, of disputation over nationalism, and of religious controversy. I confess I learned more from this book on the inner Indian and why the East is East than I ever knew before. It seems to look at elementals, and while not complete, either in viewpoint or evidence, and certainly not all true, for nothing can be all true of India, it is true enough to provide a great light. Whether you are sending a missionary to India, or laboring for Indian nationalism, or concerned with world health, or just humanely zealous to reduce the gross suffering in the world, you will find new knowledge and stimulation in this clear-eyed outsider's appraisal of the mystery of India.

The book is a kind of case-work survey of certain things that we should know of India. It is not always convincing for evidence is not given to prove how widespread are the evils of which individual cases are presented. It lacks statistical foundation for Indian statistics are, if possible, more uncertain than statistics in general. Its main thesis is that the Indian people by their sex-life, by the deadening fatalism of their religion and religion-descended folkways, by their indifference to sanitation, and by their blindness to economic reality, have fallen into a present state of race inertia and illusion that makes it impossible for them to muster strength in themselves to take advantage of whatever blessings western civilization has to offer.

The metaphysical problem of whether these blessings are unmitigated or whether everybody should want them, Miss Mayo does not take up. She assumes that happy wives, healthy children, pure milk and water, grade schools, maternity care, and successful agriculture are good things whatever you think of the destiny of man, here or hereafter. She is interested in the practical things that a wise woman might want for a community she had been sent to serve. She believes these things are prerequisites for self-government, and politically she thinks the trouble is not with the British governors nor the lack of swaraj, but with this sex- and disease-weakened Indian human being. Her mind runs to biology, not to politics. For example:

Illustration by Aaron Douglas from God's Trombones, by James Weldon Johnson, The Viking Press. Mr. Douglas won first prize in a recent art contest held by the Negro magazine, Opportunity

> The whole pyramid of India's woes, material and spiritual . . . rests upon a rock-bottom physical base. This base is, simply, his manner of getting into the world and his sex-life thenceforward. The Indian girl, in common practice, looks for motherhood nine months after reaching puberty, or anywhere between the ages of fourteen and eighteen.

The Indian male is the victim of an insatiable sex impulse, and the female the victim of the male. Their mysticism is not ascetic nor rises from any hysteria of suppressed desire. The train of evils is pictured in several appalling chapters. There are no virgins after puberty. The girl is simply not safe. This leads to child-marriage as a protection and to assure the son the father needs for his soul's safety. Miss Mayo quotes authority, both native and English, for the statement that the primary school system needed above all else is impossible because native unmarried teachers on whom it must depend dare not go out to teach for fear of the men.

The child wife is mistreated sexually, is too young and weak to bear fit babies, suffers martyrdom in the delivery, and is often made sterile by disease or maltreatment. She is abysmally ignorant of child hygiene. Every year 2,000,000 babies die in India. She is unoccupied and often in *purdah* (permanent seclusion) and fills her whole life with sex, emphasized by religion. She passes on this preoccupation to the child, even teaching it to abuse its body. The vicious circle is repeated. The men are worn out from excesses at thirty, and being promiscuous, infect both themselves and their women with venereal disease. The average expectancy of life is 23 years. The rest of the sad tale must be read in the book—the fate of widows, the sickness and ignorance due to seclusion in the *zenana,* the horrors of native midwifery with the cow often a participant in the event. The

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race so born is too weak to bear its own burdens. That is the root of the trouble.

If you turn to education, the job is to bring some 220,000,000 Indian villagers up to the beginning of democracy—literacy. But 121,000,000 females and 28,500,000 untouchables, or 60 per cent of the population of British India, are kept in ignorance by the deliberate will of the orthodox Hindu. Even the educated man wants only to get an office and does not return to serve his own people. The Indian regards a college degree as a pension.

THEN there is the dead weight of religious tradition and tabus, not of the mystic and spiritual religion we read of, but the religion of mere inherited folkways. Take the sacred cow. It is declared that half the present number of cows would supply exactly the same amount of milk if they were of good breeds and well-nourished. But the poor cows remain, often starved to death, because the cow is a religious not an economic institution. Her dung is burned for fuel or used for wall plaster and so lost for fertilizer; and her bones may not be ground into bone-meal because religion forbids. The slants on Indian agriculture with its need for carefully bred cattle, crop rotation, and machine aid are illuminating.

These hints must stand for the color and content of the book. The same keen, common-sense observation is directed at the present workings of the governmental reforms, at the relations of Hindu and Mohammedan, at the problem of castes and the untouchables. And every segment of this life depends on the biological factor mentioned above plus the omnipresent, inter-penetrating, mind-puzzling psychology of the Indian and his religion.

The author offers no remedy; she merely made a survey of certain fields not commonly exploited in literature on India. She admits other facts left untouched, and even that the evils found in India are found in other parts of the world. Humility and patience are virtues in the face of this incomprehensible ancient and vast agglomeration of tropical life. Nothing can be hurried, for timeless India will take her time and high-powered uplift and clean-up drives will be wasted on this quarter of a billion people, rooted in fatalism. The very motives the West uses are not there. How can you sell insurance to a man with one eye cocked hopefully on eternity? How work democracy when you have no schools, 8 per cent literacy, and no books or newspapers? How make men kill rats to stop the plague if they think that by killing rats they lose a millenium or so in their soul's progress? They are on an express bound through eternity and the earth is just a local stop. To the Indian, life is a tunnel between two lights; to the West, death is the tunnel. Kipling was right—the twain shall never meet. Near the equator where by the lay of the land much of the East is, you have to stay quiet to live; toward the poles you have to hustle. There nature invites you to breed and live; here she challenges you to fight or die.

But despite these polar differences, India is slowly improving according to western standards. The beneficent forces are weak singly, but *in toto,* they are changing the changeless. The Christian influence is meagre but healthful in that while it too as religion is concerned with eternal life, it preaches that a present humanitarian zeal is the best way to win everlasting peace. Miss Mayo is a propagandist in that she expresses scant criticism of the British rule and implies it is doing as much as it can as fast as the people will allow. She praises their efforts and discounts their exploitations, pointing out that in 247,000,000 people there are only 64,432 governmental English. She is frankly skeptical of Indian nationalism and judges that what is wrong with India is the Indian, not the Englishman. She does not think the time is ripe to turn the country over to the Indians with their present biological and psychological traits. Their religion, castes, and folkways will perpetuate the present evils. From the logic of her thesis that the trouble is in the nature of the people she cannot believe in *swaraj*. The enervation of the physical stock so convincingly pictured cannot give birth to the energy and self-serving ambition that would drive the state forward. Yet she argues vigorously for compulsory education—the beginning of discontent with overlords.

Miss Mayo is caustic on the ignorance and sentimentalism of the native legislator and agitator, yet never once uses the word Bolshevik. She does not spare those heroes to the western idealist, Tagore, the dreamer, and Gandhi, inconsistent doctrinaire of the simple life. She challenges the educated Indian to give up his self-gratulation over cultural attainments and his search for a government job, and go back to his village to work for the good of his people in the homely and urgent needs of life.

FINALLY she finds hope in sanitary and health measures, for these strike at biological roots. I gathered from the book that the prime need of India is teaching on health, sex-hygiene, maternity and infant welfare, sanitation and plague prevention. After that, farm demonstration, and finally common schools. Until these come there will be no human basis for *swaraj*. She omits the rebuttal of the Indian nationalist and western radical that if you remove imperialism and give the common folk of India a better life, a stake in the land, and a voice in his own government, he will gain self-respect, generate energy, and go ahead under his own steam. His fatalism may not all be due to climate or religion, but partly to English domination that, as he complains, has weakened him even when it has helped. Give the Indian a chance to conquer his fate and he will take more interest in himself and in the present.

The next question one asks is, Why not let India alone? She may preserve for us, even with a high death-rate, the concept that life is not a mere snippet of time to be misered

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over, but a majestic progress through eternity. If you make her occidental, you may kill her true mysticism. Let the Indian live as he wants, dirty, miserable, and sick, and die as he finds appropriate. That is his way and his choice. *Swaraj* at bottom means the right to do as you like with your country and your life, however distressing the outcome to a paternal bystander who wants to intervene and help because, he thinks, so *he* can win Paradise. India may prefer the evils she knows and has grown indifferent to rather than a visitation of evils from the West to which we have grown indifferent. In a choice of evils, she prefers her own to which, so to speak, she has established a spiritual immunity. Her slogan may be, "No sanitation without representation!"

Here Miss Mayo rather has the last word. The evils of India are more communicable than ours. You catch cholera easier than you do skyscrapers. Indeed you may reject skyscrapers altogether, but cholera does not ask either rejection or consent. India incubates today more plagues than prophets—and germs are international. She is a "carrier" nation, a sort of international Typhoid Mary, and so a world-wide menace to health. That is our true stake in India, says the author. Her ports are disease traps for the sailors of the world; and health experts wonder whether they can always quarantine their frontiers against epidemics born out of India. Bubonic plague has cost her 11,000,000 lives since 1896. Hook-worm and malaria sap the strength of her people. The common village water-tank is a breeder of malaria and cholera—yet the villagers leave the sanitary wells provided by British engineers to sit and gossip around the deadly tank as Americans once did at the crossroads store. Religious festivals and rituals are notorious spreaders of disease. It all comes back to the folkways.

India is plague-ridden, morally and physically, yet has not the will to rid herself of the plagues. She needs outside help to be safe for outsiders. Whence is that help to come? How is it to be administered? These are the final challenges of this challenging book. They are directed at the Indian, orthodox or agitator, to British imperialism, and to the world at large.

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I was taken back to my teens in an iron furnace, to eighteen cents an hour and twelve hours a day, to Fuller who twenty years earlier came there to get a stake to go to college to be a doctor—but he married instead. Then there was Big Ole who used to say that it didn't hurt any more after ten years, when the harness would fit. I was carried again to the Utah Copper Company in my twenties, to the trestles where I worked, to the smell of sulphur, to the greasy boarding house, and to Tony the Wop who ate lunch with me on the slag pile. The seagulls, white and trim and red-legged, would fly down for the scraps and when we closed our pails to go to work they would sail

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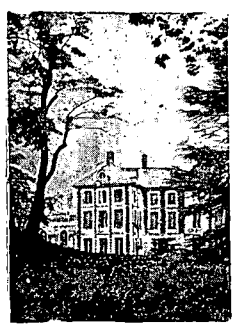

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complacently over the silvery spread of Salt Lake to the purple hills beyond. Tony would watch wistfully and then turn maliciously to me, "You try to do that! Huh?"

One finishes the book a little depressed but convinced. We are taken quickly from a smug New England wedding to job-hunting in New York. The hero connects up with a radical publication, the organ of a movement that is organized to lift the world out of economic bondage as well as to dispel ignorance from the face of the earth. The author for a while identifies himself with the "movement," but finally drifts off to the copper mills where he begins at the bottom of the ladder. Against the background of industry with its gruelling reality he portrays the "movement" and the naivete of its well meaning sponsors. At the same time he is building up his own indictment of that relentless and impersonal state of affairs called the machine age.

His indictment relates to work and the hopelessness of work as a source of joy once it has become a commodity on the industrial market. He turns to work with the zest of youth, vents his imagination on it. By work he will rise through a series of promotions from the foundry to the glass-top desk, or the laboratory. By night he pores over economics and chemistry, by day he takes mental notes on the practical side. Then the light breaks. The man at his left, efficient as a machine itself, has worked eighteen years without a promotion. The boss, a boozer with a burnt-out stomach, rules like a tyrant, but they keep him because he "knows copper." There is no promotion. No place to promote to.

The tyranny of the boss, the deadening monotony, and the blankness of the future are only exaggerated by the fear of unemployment that comes, like elections, every four years. Yes, it's a good book. Sociologically, it is a document.

NELS ANDERSON

BREAD AND FIRE, *by Charles Rumford Walker. Houghton Mifflin. 302 pp. Price $2.50 postpaid of The Survey.*

Books Go West in America

THIS book is a study of the influence of the frontier upon American letters and schools of thought. The author traces the source and trend of the main currents of that pioneer spirit which flows through the scene and mood of our literary epochs. In this work a new use is made of geography in relation to literature, for it marks a first attempt to record the result of territorial expansion upon those artist pioneers who color our written map, from Hawthorne to Sherwood Anderson.

The first chapters define the contrast in temperament between North and South, with the subsequent effect of each region upon our literature. The author tracks the vital strain of the Puritan—incompatible with the artist save for Hawthorne—from its genesis to the residue left in Spoon River and Upstream. The South is studied in terms of the origin and growth of romanticism, as found in chronicles of cavalier, planter, in the Cult of the Colonel and as it survives in Cabell.

After this double prelude the author divides all America, like ancient Gaul, into three parts: The Golden Age of regional pioneering, followed by the Gilded Age of industry, to lead into the Coming Age of spiritual advance. In an analysis of conditions developing in these cycles the author presents those literary frontiersmen who reflect with

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fidelity hunter and trapper, the transcendental span, the melodrama of the Golden West and the era of capitalism. Now out of the hinterland of materialism emerge new pioneers who blaze the trail of spiritual progress toward the distant borders of idealism.

This book is packed with the meat of American literature. Yet despite the rich store the flavor smacks flatly of the text and offers dry fare. However, it is high in calories for the student.

HALLE SCHAFFNER

THE FRONTIER IN AMERICAN LITERATURE, *by Lucy Lockwood Hazard. Crowell. 308 pp. Price $2.75 postpaid of The Survey.*

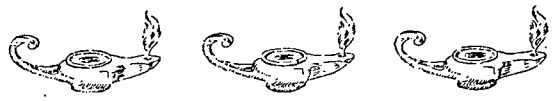
The Negro Poet and His Tradition

THE subject matter of these poems,—the bardic role of the ante-bellum Negro preacher, clothed even in his illiteracy with the inspiration of faith and swaying his audiences with epic power and conviction, conjures up a background that would dwarf any but a major poet's voice and stature. In a flash of inspiration several years ago Mr. Johnson gave us what still remains perhaps the best of these folk-pictures in The Creation, which now in beautiful and elaborate format, is given to us with six companion poems and an essay on the originating genius, the old-time Negro exhorter. The essay has the advantage of the commentator,—and at this perspective Mr. Johnson offers us a vivid view of these "shepherds of the people." They and their flock will some day be the epic background and tradition of the Negro poet if ever Negro poetry becomes what it can become—a spiritual world and sun instead of remaining just a satellite of American verse in general.

What Mr. Johnson felt by instinct in The Creation, he now puts explicitly before the reader, and his fellow artists, the inspiring thought that there is an epic background here in the humble past of the Negro which, if treated with dignity and reverence, will be a rich and fair new province of poetry. It is not too much to say, in spite of the actual accomplishment of one of the most distructive of the year's volumes in verse, the real and final significance of Mr. Johnson's work will be this prophetic vision and influence pointing to what is yet to come.

The problem of the actual writing of these folk sermons is admittedly difficult: complete identification with the themes and idioms of a by-gone generation, a thoroughly incandescent revitalizing of its mood and faith, are perhaps impossible. At this late distance rhetoric must come to the rescue of a lapsing diction and poetic fictions re-kindle the primitive imagination. It is a question of Ossian all over again. The comparison with genuine folk-poetry is constantly in mind and the poet judged by the hard epic standard of objectivity, impersonality and the extent to which he approximates the primitive originals or reproduces their authentic quality. That Mr. Johnson succeeds as often as he does in passages of really fervid and simple folk poetry is great credit to his artistry. At least three of these poems in my judgment have this quality and are really great, The Creation, Judgment Day, and in the main Go, Down Death. To proclaim too enthusiastically the perfection of poems like the last-mentioned is to forget, in an age of personalism, the touch and tang of epic poetry. These are folk-things, and the epic standard must apply.

But especially after one has heard these poems read aloud



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or almost chanted in keeping with the rhapsodic fervor of the originals, one's ear does learn to discriminate and appreciate the true epic quality of passages like:

> And I hear a voice, saying
> 'Too late, sinner. Too late!
> Good-bye, sinner. Good-bye!
> In Hell, sinner. In Hell!
> Beyond the reach of the love of God. . . .
>
> And I hear a voice crying,—crying:
> Time shall be no more!
> Time shall be no more!
> And the sun will go out like a candle in the wind,
> The moon will turn to dripping blood,
> The stars will fall like cinders,
> And the sea will burn like tar;
> And the earth shall melt away and be dissolved
> And the sky will roll up like a scroll,
> With a wave of His hand, God will blot out Time,
> And start the wheel of Eternity.
>
> Sinner, oh sinner!
> Where will you stand
> In that great day when God's a-going to
> rain down fire.

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ALAIN LOCKE

GOD'S TROMBONES: SEVEN NEGRO SERMONS IN VERSE. *by James Weldon Johnson. The Viking Press. Price* $2.50 *postpaid of The Survey.*

America as Thought

SOME of the reviewers of these two volumes of this great work have referred to it as a "fine supplement to Beards' Rise of American Civilization." But this work is, in no sense, a supplement to any book. It is an independent work and it will stand upon its own integrity. Professor Parrington deals with the *thinking* that has gone on in America; the Beards deal with the social and material objectifications of that thinking. But since no one can yet tell us which comes first, the hen or the egg, it were well to lay aside all invidious comparisons between these two great books, in order that the values of both may be realized. And all who have read Beard with pleasure and profit should now read Parrington for corrective of judgments; and all who have read, or shall read, Parrington with profit and pleasure, should read Beard for corrective of perspectives.

Volume I may be summarized as follows: Book I deals with Liberalism and Puritanism, especially in New England. Here we find the English backgrounds; the coming of European ideas to the free wilderness; the development of theocracy and its consequences; the beginnings of independence; the breakdown of the religious oligarchies; the stirrings of liberal opinion; the inescapable chasm between the old England and the New.

Book II deals with the making of the colonial mind, especially with the influence of certain great personalities, like

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Jonathan Edwards and Benjamin Franklin; and with the awakening of the American mind, especially during the revolutionary period: the conflict of Whig and Tory; the coming to self-consciousness of the Whig, in men like John Dickinson, and of the democrat, in men like Samuel Adams. Out of this awakening came one of the literary movements of our history, the "satirists" of the revolutionary period, with men like John Trumbull and Francis Hopkinson speaking for the "American" spirit.

Book III brings us to the time of constitution building and the forces that wrought our preliminary institutions. We live through again the battle between the agrarians and the rising cities; the great debate about democracy and firm government, and the battle royal between Hamilton and Jefferson, out of all of which came the materials and problems of the early intellectual life of the new country, expressed in poetry, essays and political debates.

VOLUME 2 brings us to the 19th Century. Book I of this analyses the Mind of the South, including the influence of libertarian Virginia, with Jefferson, John Marshall, William Wirt, and the like; the renaissance of slavery, with John C. Calhoun, Alexander H. Stephens, and the South's dream of a Greek democracy built on the foundations of slavery; and the romance of the West, which was to become the "frontier," with its Andrew Jackson, its Abraham Lincoln, and its endless myths of "freedom" and "the great open spaces."

Book II shows us the mind of the Middle East, graphically represented in Philadelphia, once the cultural capital of America, and in New York, the rising economic capital of the states. Here we come, for almost the first time, upon something that is to be called "literary" in the permanent tradition the works of Irving, Paulding, and Fenimore Cooper.

Book III brings us back to New England, and that golden day of American literature of which so much has long been made. On the socio-political side, we view the rising tide of Federalism, which expressed itself in Fisher Ames's doctrine that the end of government is the protection of property, therefore it must be strong and coercive; and with Daniel Webster's doctrine that the union must be preserved, no matter what happens to individuals. It deals with currents of liberalism in New England, as expressed in individuals like William Lloyd Garrison, John Greenleaf Whittier, and Harriet Beecher Stowe; with its escape into transcendentalism, in the imaginations of Emerson, Thoreau, Theodore Parker, Margaret Fuller; with its retreat into "the genteel" with Longfellow; with its excursus into skepticism with Hawthorne; and with its subsidence into "authentic brahminism" with Oliver Wendell Holmes and James Russell Lowell.

This volume ends with some modulating suggestions as to the transition to the next stage, including brief discussions as to the effects of the Civil War, the overthrow of the slave economy, the precipitation of the agrarian-capitalist controversy, the survival of certain antique liberalisms, the movement toward complete centralization of government, economy and social control, the emergence of the "middle class," and the preliminary hints of that inevitable "realistic criticism," which is to be the theme of the author's third volume.

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(*Continued on page* 480)

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CHILD HEALTH DEMONSTRATION COMMITTEE—Courtenay Dinwiddie, director, 370 Seventh Avenue, New York. Administers the Commonwealth Fund Child Health Program—demonstrating integrated child health services in small communities: Fargo, N. D., Athens, Ga., Rutherford County, Tenn., Marion County, Ore. Bulletins free on request.

CHILD WELFARE COMMITTEE OF AMERICA, Inc.—730 Fifth Avenue, New York. To secure home life for normal dependent children in preference to institutions; to secure Mothers' Allowance laws in states having none; to urge adequate appropriations for home aid; to promote proper laws affecting adoption, boarding out and placing out of dependent children; to aid in the enforcement of these laws. States Council of Committee comprises volunteer representatives in practically every state. Sophie Irene Loeb, President; Governor Alfred E. Smith, Honorary President; Margareet Woodrow Wilson, First Vice-President; Edward Fisher Brown, Executive Secretary.

THE CHILDREN'S VILLAGE, INCORPORATED—Dobbs-Ferry-on-Hudson, New York. A national, non-sectarian training school scientifically equipped for the study, education and development of problem boys and girls, on commitment and by private arrangement—ages 7 to 16. Supported largely by voluntary contributions. For further information address Leon C. Faulkner, Man aging Director.

COUNCIL OF WOMEN FOR HOME MISSIONS—105 East 22d St., New York. Florence E. Quinlan, Executive Secretary. Composed of 23 Protestant national women's mission boards of the United States and Canada. Purpose: To unify effort by consultation and cooperaton in action.

Work among Farm and Cannery Migrants, Summer service for college students, Laura H. Parker, Executive Supervisor.

Religious Work Directors in Government Indian Schools.

Bureau of Reference for Migrating People, follow-up of New Americans.

Thinking and Planning

THIS is the time of year for meditation. That is why vacations were invented. They offer a chance to get away from the job and look at life; a time to check up the months behind and plan for the year ahead. Tempus does indeed fugit. Each year must count for progress, and vacation is the time to chart the course.

Never mind the detailed problems of the job. Many of them will have solved themselves when you return to your desk.

Aside from the job, what have you resolved for next year? To read more regularly? Yes. To build up your health habits? By all means.

Why not, too, select one of the organizations listed here and adopt it as an avocation; follow through on it during the year?

No time for it? There is always time for one thing more if you organize your day.

COUNCIL ON ADULT EDUCATION FOR THE FOREIGN-BORN—280 Madison Avenue, New York. Community organization and clearing-house for education and citizenship among the foreign-born. Publishes bulletins and serves as counselling agency. Chairman, John H. Finley; Treasurer, William H. Woodin; Secretary, Robert T. Hill.

EYE SIGHT CONSERVATION COUNCIL OF AMERICA—L. W. Wallace, President; Guy A. Henry, General-Director, Times Bldg., New York. Conducts a national educational campaign to promote eye hygiene. Urges correction of eye defects, protection against hazards, proper lighting. Comprehensive publications—lantern slides—lecture material. Cooperation of social agencies invited.

FEDERAL COUNCIL OF THE CHURCHES OF CHRIST IN AMERICA—Constituted by 28 Protestant communions. Rev. C. S. Macfarland and Rev. S. M. Cavert, Gen. Sec's; 105 E. 22nd St., N. Y. C.

Dept. of Research and Education, Rev. F. E. Johnson, Sec'y.

Commissions: Church and Social Service, Rev. W. M. Tippy, Sec'y; International Justice and Goodwill: Rev. S. L. Gulick, Sec'y; Church and Race Relations: Dr. G. E. Haynes, Sec'y.

HAMPTON INSTITUTE—Trains Negro and Indian youth for community service. Advanced courses: agriculture, builders, business, home-economics, normal. Publishes "Southern Workman" and free material on Negro problems. J. E. Gregg, principal.

HUDSON GUILD—436 West 27th Street Dr. John L. Elliott, head worker. Non-sectarian neighborhood-house: organized to make effective in the community better ways of living and working together thru co-operative effort. Social, educational, recreational activities for men, women, and children. Health work; Athletics; Neighborhood Theatre; Mental Hygiene clinic. Supported by voluntary contributions and memberships.

JOINT COMMITTEE ON METHODS OF PREVENTING DELINQUENCY—Graham Romeyn Taylor, executive director 50 East 42nd Street, New York. To promote the adoption of sound methods in this field, with particular reference to psychiatric clinics, visiting teacher work, and training for these and similar services; to conduct related studies, education and publication: and to interpret the work of the Commonwealth Fund Program for the Prevention of Delinquency.

LEAGUE FOR INDUSTRIAL DEMOCRACY—Promotes a better understanding of problems of democracy in industry through its pamphlet, research and lecture services and organization of college and city groups. Executive Directors, Harry W. Laidler and Norman Thomas, 70 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

NATIONAL BOARD OF THE YOUNG WOMEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATIONS—Mrs. Robert E. Speer, president; Miss Mabel Cratty, general secretary, 600 Lexington Avenue, New York City. This organization maintains a staff of executive and traveling secretaries to cover work in the United States in 1,034 local Y. W. C. A.'s on behalf of the industrial, business, student, foreign born, Indian, Colored and younger girls. It has 159 American secretaries at work in 49 centers in the Orient, Latin America and Europe.

NATIONAL CHILD LABOR COMMITTEE—Wiley H. Swift, acting general secretary, 215 Fourth Avenue, New York. To improve child labor legislation; to conduct investigation in local communities; to advise on administration; to furnish information. Annual membership, $2, $5, $10, $25 and $100 includes monthly publication, "The American Child."

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YOUNG MAN, college student, five year's experience, secretarial, athletic and allied activities, familiar with group handling, would consider part time opening. References. 5905 SURVEY.

EXECUTIVE AVAILABLE: Desires boys' school or institution. Ten years practical director of agricultural projects, conjunction with welfare work. Has taught subjects of agriculture, manual training, nature work. Experienced disciplinarian. References. 5911 SURVEY.

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(*Continued from page* 475)

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A RELIGION WORTH FIGHTING FOR

(*Continued from page* 446)

was typical rather than unique. Whatever Christian idealism the churches are developing is too naïve to be of much use in solving the problems of our complex civilization. Certainly there is not enough ethical force in modern American life to prevent American prosperity from becoming one of the chief perils of international peace in the next decades.

Yet I cling to the hope that religious idealism may be made socially effective in modern civilization. I cling to the hope because I believe that what is necessary can not finally be impossible. Whatever new technique for social and economic life may finally be developed, the problem of living together can not finally be solved if we can not develop in men the art of trusting each other in spite of their weaknesses and forgiving each other's sins. Without such a spiritual quality in human relations, which can be maintained only upon the basis of religious affirmations about the universe itself, we must resign ourselves to the dubious fate of a civilization which substitutes class conflicts for international warfare and persuades us to hate our neighbors instead of strangers. It is not easy to maintain this spiritual quality in life while we develop the intellectual astuteness necessary for the complexities of modern life.

Love and intelligence need each other but they have some difficulty in getting along together. The religion of the future must learn how to wed them in a union which will not outrage the peculiar genius of either partner. That is a formidable task. While I can not claim any particularly revealing experiences in trying to accomplish it in my own humble sphere, I have gained the assurance to be able to assert that it can be done.

AFTER MUSSOLINI DIES

(*Continued from page* 455)

Men of Federzoni's type believe that Fascism must immediately confront important national problems with the collaboration of those thinkers whom Farinacci's faction condemns.

Under Mussolini both factions are united, although Farinacci's is by far the stronger. If the Premier were to die in the near future, Fascism would be confronted by the danger of an open break between the two factions, but it is almost certain that Farinacci would win in any struggle, would carry the bulk of the party members and would earn the right of succession to the dictatorship.

Upon his success in inviting the collaboration of his opponents or in changing his attitude to permit compromise with them, the future of Fascism would depend. Until Farinacci shows that he is growing to be a man big enough to fill Mussolini's shoes, the moment of the Premier's passing will continue to be in the minds of most intelligent Italians a dreaded one.

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